

THE NAPAN

olebrook

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No 3 -E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONT., CANADA

SALE

Smashing the Prices

SALE

Saturday and all Next Week

Getting ready for Stock-Taking, getting out the odds and ends, making a clearing of every line that is purely one season.—Liberal Discounts off prices in every department—Special offerings in Mantles, Dress Goods, Millinery, Men's Goods, Housefurnishings, etc. Below we quote a few samples, bargain lots.

DOUBLE COUPONS ALL NEXT WEEK Cotton Staples Excepted.

500 yards 10c Dornet Flannellette 5c the yard.

Mill ends special lot mostly in white, heavy Dornet flannellette, lengths 5 to 10 yds. No pieces cut, 5c the yard Saturday only.

60 and 75c Art Blinds for 39c.

Just fifty art blinds lace trimmed, full sizes, some lace and insertion trimmed. Your choice Saturday and next week 39c each.

Waistings Reduced.

40c waistings for 25c. 60c waistings for 40c. 75c waistings for 50c. Silk waistings 25c the yard.

Big Reductions off Men's Caps.

60, 75, and 90c caps for 50c. All new goods and correct winter styles. Unlaundered shirts 48c.

\$10.00 Jackets for \$5.00.

Just fifteen Jackets in the lot \$7.50, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, and \$11.00 Jackets your pick Saturday, \$5.00 each. A line of Big Girls reefers \$2.00 each.

\$1.50 Hats for 25c.

Clearing the balance of the Millinery out without regard to cost. Untrimmed Hats that were \$1, 1.25, and 1.50 for 25c each, trimmed hats half price. Come early.

Big Discount off Furs.

All Fur goods reduced in price. Come and see us for Furs before buying. Ruffs \$1.50, 2.00, 2.75 up to \$20.00 Collars \$2.50, 3.50, 4.50, 6.00, 7.50 and up.

Girls Dress Skirts.

A full range of Girls Skirts are Special values \$1.25, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50.

Four Dress Goods Values.

A 25c lot. A 40c lot. A 60c lot. A 80c lot. Be sure and see us for Dress Goods.

Double Coupons all Next Week

COTTON STAPLES EXCEPTED.

HARDY DRY GOODS CO'Y.

HARDY DRY GOODS CO'Y.

CHEAPSIDE,

NAPANEE.

BLOCKS, SLABS, AND CORDWOOD.

—FOR SALE—

CHAS. STEVENS,
West Side Market.

W. G. WILSON,
BARRISTER,
Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc
P. O. Box 620. Telephone No. 83.
OFFICE—North Side Dundas Street,
Napane, Ont.

THE - DOMINION - BANK

CAPITAL, Paid up \$3,000,000
RESERVE FUND \$3,000,000
UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$475,000
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
DEPOSITS OF \$1.00 AND UPWARDS
RECEIVED.
INTEREST CREDITED THEREON
HALF-YEARLY.

FARMERS' SALK NOTES COLLECTED AND
ADVANCES MADE THEREON.

T. S. HILL, Manager.
Napane Branch

ALBERT COLLEGE.

Belleville, Ontario.
Business School Founded 1877.

Practical and thorough: Five complete
courses. Many graduates occupying impor-
tant places as book-keepers and short hand
reporters.

\$37.50 pays board, room, tuition, electric
light, use of gymnasium and baths, all but
books and laundry, etc., for 10 weeks—
longer time at same rate. Special reduc-
tion to ministers, or to two or more entering
at the same time from same family or place.
A specialist in Book-keeping, who is also an
expert penman, and specialist in Shorthand
in constant attendance. The teachers in the
literary department also assist in the work.
The high character of the College is a
guarantee of thoroughness.

Catalogue with specimen of penmanship
FREE.

Students may enter at any time.
Address, PRINCIPAL DYER, D.D.
Belleville, Ont.

RE-OPENING!

H. B. McCABE wishes to
announce
to the public in general that he has
re-opened his

PAINT SHOP
in Webster & Boyes' Old Stand,
where he will be pleased to greet his
old customers as well as any new ones
who wish any work in his line. All
work done promptly and neatly, such
as TRIMMING, REPAIRING, and
PAINTING.

CHARGES MODERATE.
Consistent with first-class workmanship
A CALL SOLICITED.

FARM FOR SALE.

The east half of the east half of Lot Number
Ten, Third Concession, Township of Rich-
mond, fifty acres more or less. Fifteen acres
woodland. Apply to

H. M. DEROCHE, Solicitor.

46f Napane.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET.

The farm known as the Thompsons Point
farm, containing about 170 acres. This farm is
situated on the Bay of Quinte midway between
Deseronto and Picton, and would make a
splendid summer resort as the boats call
between eight and ten times a day.

It is principally fenced with red cedar rails.
For full particulars apply to D. W. ALLISON,
Apolphustown, Ont.

S. CASEY DENISON,

Will be pleased to have your
trade in

Groceries, Provisions.

Flour, Feed, Salt, Straw,
Pressed Hay, Etc.
PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT.

NOTICE.

Application will be made to the Parliament
of Canada at its next session for an Act to in-
corporate a railway Company under the name of
the "Georgian Bay and Seaboard Railway
Company," with power to construct, operate
and maintain a railway from a point on Geo-
rgian Bay between Point Severn and Penetang-
ushine, in a south-easterly direction through
the counties of Simcoe, Ontario, Victoria,
Peterboro', Hastings, Lennox and Addington,
Frontenac and Lanark, or any of them, to a
point of connection with the Ontario and Que-
bec Railway between Caynville and Maberly
with such powers as are usually given to Rail-
way companies incorporated by the Parlia-
ment of Canada; and that the said works be
declared to be for the general advantage of
Canada.

ANDREW T. THOMPSON,

Solicitor for Applicants.

Cayuga, 1st December, 1904. 52f

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS.

Under and by virtue of a Writ of Execution
issued out of the Seventh Division Court of
the County of Lennox and Addington, and to
me directed and delivered at the suit of
Thomas Evans and against the lands of Mrs.
Mary A. McMullen, I have seized and taken
into execution all the estate, right, title, in-
terest and equity of redemption of the said Mary
A. McMullen, of in and to all and singular
those certain parcels or tracts of land and
premises situate, lying and being in the Town-
ship of Sheffield, in the County of Lennox and
Addington, and being composed of "that part
of lot No. 6, in the 3rd concession of the said
Township of Sheffield lying east of White
Lake, also that part of the south half of lot No.
7, in the 3rd concession of the Township of
Sheffield aforesaid, lying east of White Lake,
All of which I will offer for sale at my office
in the Court House, in the Town of Napane,
on SATURDAY, the 25th DAY OF MARCH
1905.

GEO. D. HAWLEY,

Sheriff Co. Lennox and Addington.
Sheriff's Office, Napane, Dec. 21st, 1904.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Napane
Horticultural Society will be held in the
Council Chamber, Napane, on

WEDNESDAY,

11th DAY OF JANUARY,

1905,

at half past seven o'clock in the evening.

W. S. HERRINGTON, J. E. HERRING,

President.

Sec'y.-Treas.

STRAY LAMBS—STRAYED TO THE
premises of R. Hawkins lot 4, 5th con-
cession, three Lambs. Owner may have same
by calling for them and paying expenses.
2-d
R. HAWKINS.

LIQUOR LICENSE NOTICE.

An application has been received asking for
the transfer of the Tavern License for the
Frisco House, in the Town of Napane, now
held by Mylo Bros., to Harry Mowers, late of
Manitoba. A meeting of the License Commis-
sioners for the License District of Lennox
will be held at the office of J. C. Huffman, Esq.,
in the Town of Napane, on SATURDAY,
THE 31st DAY OF DECEMBER, INST., at
the hour of two o'clock, for the purpose of con-
sidering the above application.

W. A. ROSE,

Napane, Dec. 22d, 1904. License Inspector.

To the Electors' of the Town of Napane.

GENTLEMEN—Upon the solicitations of a
number of friends I have decided to run
for Councillor. If elected I shall do my
best to advance the interests of the town.
As my time, is at present is so fully
occupied, I shall not be able to see you all
personally, but I hope you will consider
this a personal request and give me your
vote and influence at the coming election.
Wishing you the compliments of the
season, I am
Yours truly,

A. E. PAUL

Municipal Elections.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Having been
solicited by a large number of ratepayers
of the Town of Napane, I offer myself as
a candidate for the office of Mayor for the
year 1905, and solicit your vote and in-
fluence. Wishing you the compliments of
the season, I remain

Your Obedient Servant,

W. T. WALLER.

To the Electors of Napane and Richmond.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I have received
the Nomination for County Commissioner
and respectfully solicit your vote and in-
fluence at the election to be held on the
2nd January, 1905. If elected I shall en-
deavour to the best of my ability to
advance the interests of the county and the
district I represent. Wishing you all the
compliments of this festive season.

Sincerely yours,

M. C. BOGART.

Electors of Napane.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

I am again asked to be a candidate for
Councillor, and having consented I solicit
your votes and influence. During the past
year I have endeavored to serve you to the
best of my ability, and with a sincere de-
sire to economize wherever it was expedient.
Should I fail to see you I wish you to ac-
cept this as a personal canvass. Wishing
you all the compliments of the season I am

Your Obedient Servant,

HERMAN MENG.

A good line of cut glass claret, cherry,
champagne, and port glasses and decanters
at
F. CHINNECK'S.

The store of quality.

FROM JAN. 3rd

You may spend a most profitable time in the
new school—The

Frontenac
Business College

Collegiate Building, Barrie and Clergy Streets,
KINGSTON, ONT.

Everything bright, clean and up-to-date.
Thorough courses the basis of good results.
Write for particulars.

W. H. SHAW,

President.

T. N. STOCKDALE,

Principal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that
the James Bay Railway Company will
apply to the Parliament of Canada at its next
Session, for an Act authorizing the Company
to change its name and empowering it to lease,
purchase or otherwise acquire the lines of the
Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Rail-
way Company and to amalgamate with that
Company; also to extend and define the
powers of the Company with respect to the
issue of bonds, debentures and other securities
and for power to construct the lines of railway
below mentioned; also empowering the Com-
pany to lease to the Canadian Northern Rail-
way Company its lines or leased lines or any of
them and to give that Company running
powers thereover.

The lines referred to are the following:—
(1) From a point on the Company's line south
of Lake Muskoka thence easterly to Montreal
passing through or near Ottawa with branches
to Ottawa and Hawkesbury.
(2) From a point on or near the French River
thence easterly to Montreal passing through or
near Ottawa with branches to Ottawa and
Hawkesbury.

(3) From a point on the Company's line at or
near Sudbury thence westerly to the south of
Lake Nipigon to a point on the Canadian
Northern Railway West of Port Arthur, pass-
ing through or near Port Arthur or with a
branch to Port Arthur.

Z. A. LASH.

Solicitor for Applicant.

Dated December 8th, 1904.

To the Electors of the Town of Napane.

I have been nominated as candidate for
councillor for 1905, and solicit your vote
and influence in my behalf. If elected I
pledge myself to endeavor to secure for the
citizens of Napane an efficient Electric
Light, water and gas service and am in
favor of the strictest economy in public
affairs consistent with properly conduct-
ing the affairs of the town.

Yours very truly,

WM. FERGUSON.

To the Electors.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am again a
candidate for the honorary position of
Town Councillor. I have been your repre-
sentative in past years and I have endeav-
oured to serve you faithfully. If you
approve of my course I will be grateful for
a renewal of your confidence, in the ensu-
ing election. For your support and
interest in the past I sincerely thank you.

G. H. WILLIAMS.

To the Electors.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the request
of a large number of citizens I announce
myself a candidate for the office of Town
Councillor for 1905. If elected I will en-
deavour to administer the affairs of the
town wisely and economically. I respect-
fully solicit your vote and influence.
Wishing you the compliments of the
season,

W. J. NORMILL.

NANEE EXPRESS.

\$1 per Year in advance: \$1.50 if not so paid.

DA-FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30th, 1904

Nomination Meeting

Monday evening, between the hours of 7.30 and 8.30, the nominations for Mayor, Councillors and School Trustees, occurred at the town hall. Considering the other attractions the hall was well filled by the ratepayers of the town who apparently seem to be taking an unusual interest in municipal questions this election. Some new faces will undoubtedly be seen at the council board for the next term. Mayor Majole, who is the candidate for the Provincial House in the coming election on January 25th, is out of municipal politics. Councillor Lapum is not seeking re-election, and Councillors Waller and Lowry are opponents for the Mayor's chair. The balance of the 1904 council, Messrs. Graham, Ming and Williams, are again in the field, thus there must be three new members, if not more. Judging from the tone of the several speakers, and the way the remarks were received by the audience, the candidate who faithfully promises to see that the town is lighted, will be the one who will be on top when the poll closes on January 2nd.

The following are the names of the nominees:

FOR MAYOR.

W. T. Waller—proposed by F. F. Miller seconded by D. B. Wilson.
John Lowry—proposed by E. S. Lapum seconded by J. J. Minchinton.

FOR COUNCILLOR.

Wm. J. Normile—proposed by F. F. Miller, seconded by D. B. Wilson.
Geo. A. Cliffe—proposed by J. J. Minchinton, seconded by E. S. Lapum.
C. A. Graham—proposed by T. H. Waller, seconded by E. Ming.
A. S. Kimmerly—proposed by G. H. Cowan, seconded by E. S. Lapum.
Wm. Ferguson—proposed by J. H. Fitzpatrick, seconded by J. J. Minchinton.
G. H. Williams—proposed by E. S. Lapum, seconded by James Perry.
Herman Meng—proposed by D. B. Wilson, seconded by James Perry.
A. E. Paul—proposed by Henry Wilson, seconded by E. McLaughlin.
S. R. Miller—proposed by Robt. J. Solmes, seconded by E. S. Lapum.
T. W. Simpson—proposed by W. T. Waller, seconded by M. C. Bogart.
Messrs. S. R. Miller and Geo. A. Cliffe have handed in their resignations.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES WEST WARD.

A. S. Ashley, proposed by W. T. Gibbard, seconded by A. E. Paul.
F. W. Vandusen, proposed by M. Pizariello, seconded by H. R. Savage.

CENTRE WARD.

D. B. Wilson—proposed by W. T. Gibbard, seconded by F. F. Miller.
G. H. Cowan—C. A. Graham, seconded by J. M. Parrott.

EAST WARD.

F. H. Perry—Dr. Cowan, seconded by G. H. Williams.
As there was only one nomination Mr. Perry was declared elected by the Returning Officer, Mr. J. E. Herring.

THE MEETING.

After the specified time for receiving nominators had passed, Mr. Herring, the Returning Officer, read the names of those nominated for the several offices, and the meeting was adjourned into a public one when speech making was in order.

Mr. John T. Grange was voted to the position by an unanimous vote. Mr. Grange upon occupying the position remarked that he was pleased to be able once again to preside over such an important gathering. He felt satisfied that no matter who the

town, and then every street could be lighted. Last January he was given a nice comfortable vote, and he hoped he would receive the same this January.

Councillor Williams, chairman of streets in his address remarked that although the amount expended on streets was somewhat larger than usual, he thought the money had been judiciously expended. A large item of the expense was the granolithic walks and as the people wanted them he believed in giving it to them especially when those asking paid half the cost. He was out again for election and asked to be remembered when the ballots were being marked.

Messrs. A. S. Kimmerly, A. E. Paul, T. W. Simpson and Wm. Ferguson, the "new blood" as it were, all made short addresses defining their positions.

The speeches were all well received by the audience, and the meeting came to an end about 10 o'clock.

NOMINATIONS ELSEWHERE.

Township of Sheffield.

The old council was re-elected by acclamation.

John A. Wagar, Reeve.
Bernard O'Neill, John Scanlin, Geo. Black, Wm. A. Fuller, Councillors.

Adolphustown.

Reeve—T. N. Davis, J. A. Peterson.
Councillors—Fred Allison, Edward Gallagher, Thos. Huff, Harry Johnston, L. P. Trumpour, Thos. Tierney.

Denbigh, Abinger & Ashby.

Reeve—John S. Lane, Wm. Lane.
Councillors—Robert Conner, Geo. Fox, John Irish, Adolph John, Wm. Sallans, Gustav Stein, Wm. Thompson.

Township of Ernesttown.

Reeve—J. F. Baker, and B. G. Hamm.
Councillors—R. J. Brethen, W. R. Purdy, I. F. Aylsworth, J. F. Dawson, L. L. Gallagher.

Township of Richmond.

Reeve—Chas. Anderson (Accl.).
Councillors—Wm. Paul, Manly Jones, Wm. G. Winters, Z. A. Grooms, Alf. McCutchen, Jas McKitterick, Fred Sexsmith, Pearl Sills.

Township of Camden.

Reeve—Wesley McGill, James Middleton.
Councillors—Cyrus Edgar, Thos. J. Cook, John W. Reid, W. A. Asselstine, James Hinch, F. P. Johnston.

Township of North Fredericksburgh.

Reeve—Jos. Hicks, M. A. Sills.
Councillors—Chas. H. Garrison, Chas. W. Hamby, Wellington E. Loyat, Thos. G. McWain, Archibald Parks, A. B. Perry, Fred A. Perry, Fred W. Spencer.

Village of Bath.

Reeve.—(Accl.)
Councillors—Cyrus Barrage, Geo. A. Henry Hudson, Walter Mills, A. N. Robinson, Jas. Shibbey.
School Trustees—Wm. Davy, John Forester, William Hall, Robert Mott, Daniel Robinson.

The best of provisions and groceries so every person says that has tried them. Try us and you will say so to.

THE GREY LION GROCERY.

FARMERS INSTITUTE MEETING POSTPONED.

After consulting with a number of Institute speakers as well as local officers in different parts of the Province, the Superintendent has decided not to hold any Institute meetings until January 31st. It was the unanimous opinion of both delegates and officers (and a great many were consulted) that a political campaign would interfere very much with the attention and success of Institute meetings. No announcements of meetings had been made for January, although all lists had been

THE BEST....

OYSTERS

AT—

J. F. SMITH'S.

DRY MILLWOOD FOR SALE

Also Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Salt and Portland Cement.

COAL FOR Stoves, Furnaces and Grates, Steam Purposes and Blacksmiths' use.

The Rathbun Co. R. B. SHIPMAN, Agent.

PERSONALS

Miss Florence Dunlop is spending the holidays at her home in Strathcona.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stevens, of Toronto, are spending the holidays in town. They return to Toronto, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sheppard, of Brockville spent Xmas in town.

Mr. Edward Conger, of Gananoque, is spending the week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Conger.

Miss Hatie Kennedy, of Tamworth, is spending a few weeks with relatives in town.

Henry Victor Morgan, for seventeen years a resident of San Francisco arrived home Thursday of last week, on a visit to his parents and friends at Roblin.

J. C. Connolly, Yarker, was in Tweed Monday evening.

Miss Edna Tobey, of Nanapanee is visiting Miss Edna White, Tweed.

Messrs. Arthur and Will Caton, of Toronto, spent Xmas with their parents in town.

Mr. Arthur Allison, of Toronto, visited his father, Mr. John Allison, Sunday and Monday.

Mr. Louis Hamilton, of the Bell Telephone Co., Montreal spent Xmas with his parents in town.

Dr. Elliott Vanaalstine, of Chicago is spending the holidays in town the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Vanaalstine, South Nanapanee.

Tweed News—Dr. W. D. McCormach and bride, of Iroquois, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clancy, of Enterprise, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Lloyd's this week. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Harkness spent Christmas at Enterprise. Mr. Duncan Robb, Tamworth was in town Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jewell, and Master Willis Jewell, spent Xmas in Adolphustown. Mr. Owen Connolly, of Fulton, N. Y.

Messrs Ernest and Clarence Briscoe spent Christmas with their brothers in Chatham.

Mrs. Merrill, Cobourg, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. M. Wright, Yarker.

Miss Myra Thompson, Sharbot Lake, is the guest of Miss May Bartlett.

Misses Rossie and Lucia Evans, Picton, are guests of Miss Alice Pruyn.

Mrs. R. Lawso, Deseronto, was in town on Wednesday. Master Cecil Wilson returned home with her.

The Misses Aylsworth spent Christmas the guests of their brother, Jas. Aylsworth, Tamworth.

Mr. Geo. Dracup, Yorkton, Assa, is holidaying in town.

MARRIAGES.

WHEELER-BABCOCK—On Saturday evening Dec. 24th, 1904, by Rev. J. R. Real at the Western Meth. parsonage, Mr. Geo. H. Wheeler, of Tweed to Miss Elizabeth Jane Babcock of Nanapanee.

WAGAR—WAGAR—At the Western Methodist parsonage by Rev. J. R. Real on Wednesday, Dec. 28th, 1904, Mr. Elias G. Wagar, to Miss Lena E. Wagar both of Richmond Township. Deseronto papers please copy.

CAMERON—JAYNES—On Wednesday, Dec. 28th, 1904, by the Rev. J. R. Real at the residence of Mr. Pollard, Bridge St. Mr. Angus C. Cameron of Oshawa to Miss Caroline Jaynes of Nanapanee.

Prescriptions

The Medical Hall,
FRED L. HOOPER.

Divorce and Occupations.

There has always been a lower percentage of divorces among men engaged in agricultural pursuits than in any other calling, not excepting the

Mr. Herring, the Returning Officer, read the names of those nominated for the several offices, and the meeting was adjourned into a public one when speech making was in order.

Mr. John T. Grange was voted to the chair by an unanimous vote. Mr. Grange upon occupying the position remarked that he was pleased to be able once again to preside over such an important gathering. He felt satisfied that no matter who the successful candidates may be, he was sure they would do their duty, to the best of their ability, as the last year's council had done. Owing to the large number who wished to be heard he felt that the long-winded fellows would have to be restricted. The first speaker he would call upon would be Mr. Gibbard chairman of the School board.

Mr. Gibbard presented a detailed statement of the expenditure of moneys relative to the schools—Collegiate and Model—and ended a very instructive address by remarking that Napanee's schools were something to be proud of, being among the best in Ontario.

The candidates for County Commissioners for this district, Messrs J. W. Hall, K. W. Paul and M. C. Bogart, were next given a chance to present their cases. As they were only allowed five minutes each they did not go in details. They all declared that if elected they would devote a close watchfulness over questions pertaining to Napanee and Richmond Township.

Mayor M. S. Madole, after a few complimentary remarks in reference to the chairman, gave an outline of the work of the council during the past year. There were certain questions which had not been advanced as he would have liked to see them, but the circumstances warranted the delay. The electric light question was one of those. One of the things he wished to avoid was the plunging of the town into a law suit. He thought the statutes should be charged, to that cases similar to Napanee's could be avoided. He also advised caution and care lest the town be plunged into litigation.

W. T. Waller, chairman of the Financial Committee, was the next speaker. He presented a report of the town's finances, and showed the different appropriators to the several committees and the amount expended by them. His stand upon the electric light question was well known to all the ratepayers. He was in favor of the town putting in a plant, as according to the statutes, the town should take no notice of the present Company, they not being a going concern, also that they had no franchise, and even if they had they were not in a position to light the town. Everything in reason had been done to arrive at an agreement but it was impossible to do anything. He was out for the office of Mayor, and he would be pleased if the ratepayers gave him their support.

Mr. Lowry who is Mr. Waller's opponent for the Mayor's chair, stated that he had served the town for the past sixteen years, and he intended to retire from municipal politics, but before doing so, he would like to pass through the Mayor's chair. He hoped the ratepayers by their votes, would grant his request.

C. A. Graham was again in the field for councillor. It would be impossible for him to solicit votes, but if the people were satisfied with his attitude at the council board, and returned him for another year he would be pleased. He was of the same opinion as councillor Waller on the electric light question. He also objected to committees expending more than their appropriations. He referred particularly to the street committee who had spent considerable over their appropriation.

Coun Meng stated he was again asking election for Councillor. For the past two years he has been chairman of the Poor and Sanitary committee, and, without slighting any deserving one, he had succeeded in cutting this expenditure in half. To the different charitable societies and the ladies connected with them, he extended hearty thanks for the very able manner in which they had assisted him in his distribution of charity to the needy. He went into detail as to the council's actions upon the lighting question during the past years. An inadequate system, similar to that experimented with last summer, is the kind he thought would best suit the

different parts of the Province, the Superintendent has decided not to hold any Institute meetings until January 31st. It was the unanimous opinion of both delegates and officers (and a great many were consulted) that a political campaign would interfere very much with the attention and success of Institute meetings. No announcements of meetings had been made for January, although all lists had been about completed. A re-arrangement of the lists has been made, and the same submitted to the secretaries of the various ridings. The revised dates will be announced in plenty of time to allow local secretaries to do the necessary advertising before the date of the first meetings.

Clean your teeth with WALLACE'S Carbolic Tooth Powder—Dentists use it themselves.

SUCCESSFUL MODELITES

The following were granted third class certificates at the close of the professional examination:

Maud Anderson	Pearl Allison
Mary Beaman	Estella Cogan
Sarah Donovan	Helen Evel
Maud Fox	Evelyn Grange
Cassie Hunt	Clare C. Martin
Sarah McCullough	Myrtle Stevens
Luella Schuchles	Mabel Tomkins
O. A. Vanaulstine	Frances Welbanks
R. G. Cogan	Edward Hinch
Gerald Loynes	Biske Lucas
Albert Macdonald	Stuart Stetler
Ernest Teskey	Lawrence Wright.

Canadian Coal oil 20c gal., American 25c gal. Kept in clean tanks at
GREY LION STORES.

WEDDED TO A VASE.

Singular Marriage Ceremony That Was Witnessed In China.

One of the most extraordinary of Chinese customs to western minds is the not infrequent practice of marrying celebrated widows to native vases. An American traveler witnessed such a ceremony, which was performed with great pomp. The widow was of high station. When the news of her husband's death reached her she was inconsolable and wished to enter the state of widowhood, but her father demurred. Somebody suggested that another husband might be forthcoming, and, as may readily be surmised, at this stage of the proceedings the woman was in despair. A wise teacher of the Confucian philosophy was consulted, and he recalled to mind the ancient ceremony of marriage to a flower vase. It was a rite of great antiquity, legend attributing its origin to an empress who ruled before the Christian era. It was decided that the woman might "marry the red vase." It was necessary, however, to procure the imperial sanction. This the great wealth of her father obtained, and on May 1 the wedding was solemnized.

In the procession the vase was carried under a silken canopy on a palanquin borne by youths of noble birth, while the bride followed in another palanquin guarded by twelve maidens and twelve matrons. A military guard and a civic escort made up the parade. Her bridegroom, the vase, is a specimen of great value and antiquity; indeed it is said to excel in delicacy of ornamentation anything of its kind in the Flowery Kingdom.

NO JOKE AT ALL.

"Isn't that young man fond of music?" exclaimed the young woman.

"I don't know," answered Miss Cayenne. "Judging by the way he will stand up and listen to himself sing by the hour, I should say he isn't."

Get it at WALLACE'S, (The Red Cross Drug Store) then it's Good.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* The Kind You Have Always Bought

News—Dr. W. D. McCormack and bride, of Iroquois, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clancy, of Enterprise, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Lloyd's this week.—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Harkness spent Christmas at Enterprise.—Mr. Duncan Robb, Tamworth was in town Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jewell, and Master Willis Jewell, spent Xmas in Adolphustown. Mr. Owen Connolly, of Fulton, N. Y., was the guest of his cousin Mrs. John Lowry, on Wednesday.

Mr. Will Frets, Owen Sound, was renewing acquaintances in town for a few days.

Messrs. W. Pomeroy, Newburg, and B. J. Lacey, Tamworth, were callers at our office on Saturday.

Mr. J. Fred Tilley, Toronto, is spending a few days in town.

Mr. John Prittie, of Smith's Falls, is spending a short time in town the guest of his niece, Mrs. McLaughlin, John street.

Mrs. David Fralick returned Saturday from Chicago, where she has spent the last three months.

Mrs. D. E. Friskin, of Carman, Man., arrived in Napanee Saturday, and will spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Conger.

Miss Edith Fraser, of Toronto, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fraser, John street.

Mrs. Ed Huff, Campbellford, spent Sunday and Monday in town with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Huff.

Miss Della Wales left on Friday last to visit her brother, Mr. Arthur Wales, Oshawa.

Mr. Jas. Mathewson, Trenton, is spending a few days in town the guest of his parents.

Mr. R. J. Brethen, Camden East, a caller at our office on Thursday.

Mrs. Jno. Fennell spent Christmas the guest of Mrs. Lawson, Deseronto.

Miss Lulu McCallum, Smith's Falls, and Miss Leva Wilson, Kingston, are guests of Miss Carrie Williams.

Miss Maud Ronson, Toronto Conservatory of Music, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ronson, South River road.

Mrs. Dr. Eakins, and son, Gray, of Toronto, are visiting Mrs. Warner, John street, Napanee.

Dr. D. I. Smith of Battle Creek, Michigan, was calling on friends in Napanee Thursday.

Miss Edna Hinch, Centreville, and Miss Laura Wood, Smith's Fall, are guests of Miss Edith Dafee.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Getty are guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Coxall.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman W. Perry, and daughter Lena, Ogdenburg, N. Y., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Perry, on Monday.

Mr. Jno. Fennell spent Christmas in Toronto.

The Medical Hall,
FRED L. HOOPER.

Divorce and Occupations.

There has always been a lower percentage of divorces among men engaged in agricultural pursuits than in any other calling, not excepting the clergy. Soldiers, sailors and marines, in the other extreme, show the highest average of marriage infelicity. Next among the high averages come the hostlers, the actors, agricultural laborers, bartenders, servants and waiters, musicians and teachers of music, photographers, paper hangers, barbers, lumbermen, and so on, diminishing in ratio until the lowest average is reached, as before stated, among the farmers.

Identified.

"What has become," asked the occasional guest, "of the pretty black eyed girl who used to wait at that table over in the corner?"

"What pretty black eyed girl?" frigidly inquired the young woman with the snub nose and prominent chin.

"If I remember rightly, she had a little bit of a mole on one cheek."

"Oh, that girl with the blotch on her face? I think somebody married her."



SLOW SIGHT

Naturally bright children with irregular vision often appear stupid and inattentive—not recognizing words quickly. This defect we remedy with glasses. Do not deprive your child of best possible vision.

H. E. SMITH,
Smith's Jewellery Store.

New Year's Resolution.

Deal with the Reliable
and up-to-date
Shoe Firm



For Fine Footwear

Rubbers and Travelling Goods.

If you do you will have happiness and prosperity.

Anybody can stand in slippery places with Never-Slip-Ice-Creepers

WILSON & BRO.,

3 packages Diamond, Turkish, Standard or Rexall Dyes for 25c at WALLACE'S Drug Store.

Try The Plaza Barber Shop for first class up to date work. We want your custom and will do your work to please you The Plaza. A. WILLIS.

THE MAD RACE FOR RICHES

"The Memory of the Prosperous Wicked Shall Rot."

Your riches are corrupted.—James v. 2.

Just now one hears much of men who would, at all hazards, be rich—who make haste to achieve their treasures. A multitude of men have gone crazy in this wild pursuit. What scenes in Wall street during the past week! The bystander, looking down into the pit, is disgusted at the sight of men yelling, wildly gesticulating like insane men—models for Dante's lost souls in the Inferno. All over the country are speculators rushing into sell in the hope of getting rich quickly, and others rushing in to buy in the hope also of quick gain. It is a time of vulgarity, materialism and moral recrudescence.

Hastily gotten riches have no character value. As God intended it, the way of property is the way of growth and personal culture. He who produces wealth achieves what is far better—manhood and self-development. The farmer is a producer—he takes a seed and black cloths, and with the help of sun and rain, evokes shock and sheaf. He himself grows with the unfolding grain until the farmers are the families who furnish the leaders to an unwanted degree. It is the method of the orchardist who prunes and grafts and crosses sweet with sour until he achieves a competence, but, above all,

ACHIEVES CHARACTER.

The wood carver is a producer, turning an oak plank into the likeness of a Florentine chest. It is the method of the worker in iron, who buys raw iron for \$30 and makes it take on the form of knife or scissors and sells the ton for \$1,000. The producer must be patient, he must have courage and perseverance. He must develop economy and thrift. Civilization rests upon the shoulders of the producers. These men feed the state and clothe the state, but the important thing is that in doing so slowly they build up the nation's richest treasure—great men, noble and self-sacrificing characters.

But the man who waters stocks, who gambles, who gets rich quickly through lies and deceit cannot develop character at the same time. So far from the way of property being the way of manhood for him it is the way of moral deterioration, self-wreckage. His gold is corrupted, his garments are moth-eaten, his bonds are tainted; the richer he is through bad methods the worse he is.

The get-rich-quick method holds no culture value for the intellect. Contrariwise, the man who by honest, slow and legitimate methods achieves property cannot fail to achieve an all around development.

IN HIS PERSONAL LIFE.

I have in mind a careful and prudent business man. His work is to build roads. The first street he made was the best one he could make; he toiled by day and he was

in the city library reading and studying by night. The second year he hired an expert, a chemist, from a university, to spend his evenings with him testing materials. As soon as he had saved \$500 he went to England and the continent to study the foundation of the old Roman roads in the streets of London and Paris. He studied them and learned how to handle them. He studied materials for years until he became a scientist and a leader of men.

Marvelous are the culture results of one's occupation. Every occupation holds the possibilities of a full college course. Incidentally God gives a faithful business man a competence. But he also gives what is better than great riches—the opportunity for personal culture.

But the man who makes haste to get rich is merely a juggler, getting into his hands by trick what others have produced. By his evil methods he interrupts all the laws of nature and God. A stock waterer and promoter and gambler carrying off stained millions is as sickening a sight as one of those diseased creatures in hospitals with an awful growth on the face. These men are moral monstrosities. What a word is this of Solomon's for their epitaph: "The memory of the prosperous wicked shall rot!"

THE COUNSEL FOR THE HOUR

is that a competence gained by slow methods is better than abundance gained by over-quick schemes. The essential thing in life is personal growth, obedience to the laws of nature and God. The development of the great habits that make for character. The incidental thing is the momentary reward. This is no cheapening of wealth. This is no railing against property. This is not talking money down. It is simply the emphasis of principle that even so important a thing as property can be gained at too great a price.

Money is not worth while when we give up culture and growth for it. Money is not worth while if we give up truth in the hidden parts or exchange honor and prudence for it.

But happy is the youth who works hard and faithfully at his appointed task. Day by day he is faithful to his work and grows, grain by grain, little by little, as the wheat grows on God's hills, as the oak grows in the forest. The law he loves is the law of obedience and truth—that is the law of life. His home may be a tiny hamlet, with a few books, a few flowers and a few friends; but the few things that an honest man has are better than hundreds of millions of hastily gotten, greedy wealth secured at the cost of character and manhood. The newspaper and magazine exposes of the past few weeks have borne with them a deep and lasting lesson.

and particularly appropriate for a long skirt. It must have the effect of a flare round the foot, yet must not be exaggeratedly full. It is usual to put graduated pleats down the front. The upper part of the skirt fits closely, the flare beginning well below the hips.

The most popular coat this winter is unmistakably the long one, either close fitting or loose. And yet almost as many short jackets and

add at about knee length a full, deeply-shirred blouse set on with a narrow heading of the same, with a row of narrow lace set upright inside the heading. The waist is made very simply, is quite full, the front shirred to a yoke of lace and taffeta bands between tabs of some colored silk-edged with lace. The elbow sleeves consist of two puffs separated by shirrings, the lower finished with a flaring cuff of the silk, also lace-edged. Sash is also silk.

A GREAT MISSIONARY.

Beneficent Influence of Francois Coillard.

News has just come from Africa of the death of Francois Coillard, a French Protestant missionary and one of the best known men in Africa. Perhaps no other missionary has ever wielded among the African natives so great an influence as he.

It came in his way once to save the life of a distinguished explorer, and all explorers who ever visited him have praised him to the skies in their books. These are the reasons why Coillard has of late years been better known in all civilized lands than any other missionary in Africa.

When Serpa Pinto went home to Portugal and wrote about his great journey across Africa he said that he owed his life to this missionary and Mrs. Coillard. No African traveller was ever in a more distressful plight than Serpa Pinto was when Coillard came to his relief.

The Portuguese explorer has pushed inland from the west coast to the Barotse country, near the headwaters of the Zambesi. One day his 150 porters suddenly deserted him to a man. They took with them all his resources and left him stripped in the heart of Africa. A feeling of compassion for the poor stranger induced two men and two women to do what they could for him in their rude way.

The man was dying in the wilderness when Coillard and his wife happened by the merest chance to come into that neighborhood. That chance saved Pinto's life.

The missionaries were travelling in an ox cart, and the cart became a small hospital. It was the only place where they could put the sick man, and here he was nursed back to health.

Mrs. Coillard lavished the most assiduous attention upon him and she and her husband watched by his side night and day till care and rest and better diet brought about a happy change in mind and body. They helped him on his way when his strength was restored, and we owe it to them that he lived to write one of the great books of African exploration.

The best work that Coillard did for Africa was through the influence he gained when he won the perfect confidence and friendship of Lewanika, the King of Barotse. The country governed by this black potentate is larger than Uganda or any other present native kingdom of Africa, except Abyssinia. Lewanika's word is law throughout his domain. His policy is permeated through and through with European ideas, and he got them all from Coillard.

The young missionary stood for two years at the doors of Lewanika knocking for admittance and the King kept him out. At last, won over by his persistency, gentleness and tact, the King admitted him to the country, and in the course of time, the Frenchman became a power in the land. Every one says so who has ever been to Lialui, the King's capital.

Major Gibbons, the latest to write about these two men, says that "the lofty character and impressive personality of Coillard finally obliterated the harsh side of Lewanika's character and developed a certain liberal-

War and Peace

I.

Senior Lieutenant Archie Braize, R. N., watched with quiet amusement the animated countenances of his young friend Sub-Lieutenant Bramber and his sister Netta.

"I tell you," cried Netta, in a high-pitched voice of anger, "that women are every bit as brave as men—or, they would be if they only had the chance!"

"And I say you're talking nonsense!" said her brother, with that frankness which sometimes characterizes the junior naval officer. "Women couldn't fight, even if they wanted to—except with their tongues! War is men's work!"

"Women would do it just as well, if they were allowed to!" flashed out his sister. "Look at Florence Nightingale and Charlotte Corday, or whoever it was—"

"Make it Boadicea!" murmured her most ungallant brother.

"In the French Revolution!" finished Netta triumphantly. "Weren't they as brave—as, and braver than any man?"

"One of the dear ladies you mention was a nurse," replied Cecil, "and the other had the remarkable temerity to stab a man in his bath—indeed, a creature! But this affair with Russia will have to go through to the bitter end, without any woman warrior, that I'm prepared to stake anything on!"

"Ch, are you?" said his sister. "I'm sure I wonder you don't offer to stake anything on the fact that Sub-Lieutenant Bramber—or, is it Admiral Bramber?—will finish the affair off his own bat! But look here, Cecil, does 'anything' with you mean much above five pounds? If it does not, I am willing to wager you that amount that before the war which is coming off with Russia is over a woman will be found to have taken a prominent part in it."

"You wouldn't pay if you lost!" sneered the youthful misogynist. "All women are like that; it's part of their innate cowardice."

"You're afraid to take my bet," said Netta hotly, "and so your courage will have to be put down on the same low level as your manners!"

With which parting shot, the thoroughly angry girl swept from the room.

"Little spitfire!" cried Bramber, as the door banged after her.

Archie Braize coughed.

"Hallo, Archie, old man!" said Bramber, with a short laugh. "Pon my word, I'd forgotten you were in the room! Really, I beg your pardon!"

"Don't, old chap," said Archie. "It isn't necessary to remind me that you are a gentleman, though apparently your sister would take a good deal of convincing on the point."

"You mustn't take any notice of her!" laughed Bramber. "We're always at one another like that. The family temper, I suppose. You'll notice she's got her share of it. Still, I'm sorry to have been the instrument by which she has been shown up to you in her true colors."

"Pray don't apologize!" said Archie. "I think she looked divine in her rage. But, still, old chap, don't you think it's rather beneath you to quarrel and bicker with one it should be your pride and pleasure to conciliate?"

"Rot!" said Cecil shortly. "She'd vex the temper of a graven image. Besides, I know she loves a row, and

Fashion

...Talk

LATEST DESIGNS.

Fashion

...Talk

LATEST DESIGNS.

The use of cashmere in public esteem is a fortunate thing for the girl who must consider serviceability as well as beauty in choosing her wardrobe, for the cashmere in the pastel tints is a charming material for the house frock, yet wears uncommonly well and may be cleaned again and again. Moreover, it may be pressed into service for carriage and visiting wear without looking cold, as do the thinner silky stuffs.

Braid in the color of the cashmere, velvet on silk, and at least a touch of lace are the trimmings for such materials and, of course, a hint of hand embroidery always adds cachet to a frock.

The tendency is toward plainer skirts, save in the sheer materials, and many of the best cashmere, voile and cloth models have skirts full or plaited, hanging in long, straight lines and devoid of trimming, save for a deep hem, or perhaps a few narrow plaits. This rule is, of course, not invariable, and one sees many full skirts falling straight, but trimmed with bouffances on little silk rills set on in intricate scrolls, battlements, etc.

Flat silk fibre braid is also used in this fashion, and a scroll trimming of braid or silk bouffances encircling medallions of velvet, tucked rill, or lace within its loops is a model popular with the best makers.

Most have open work stitching, embroidery and other hand work are banded open, more costly house frocks and blouses, but it is not always the most elaborate confection which has the most charm. In one of the plays recently seen, a popular actress wore several French frocks, youthful and simple to an extraordinary degree, yet altogether charming, and although it is a far cry from the presumably blushing debutante to the stage footlights, a clever debutante might do well to order duplicates of these stage frocks.

One was in pavenche blue, light weight wool, which seemed to be neither cashmere nor voile, but was some one of the unnameable stuffs in that weight brought out this season. The skirt was let into the band in very small plaits, which were stitched far enough down to form a shallow, snug yoke and pressed the rest of the way with an effect almost like that of sun plaiting.

The blouse below, too, was plaited from shoulder to girdle, and around the throat-cut low to show a lace gumpie or blouse-down the fronts and continuing down the skirt fronts to the hem were flat five-inch plain bands of the material trimmed with imitation buttonhole loops and flat covered buttons.

The full blouse below, reaching only half way to the elbow and slit up the outside seam, was bordered in the same fashion as the blouse, and from under it fell sleeves made of narrow creamy Valenciennes rills, running around the puff of mousseline and set so closely as entirely to cover the mousseline foundation. A close fitting cuff of lace and mousseline reached almost to the elbow.

WINTER FASHIONS.

It was rumored this fall that all our gowns were to be made short this winter, that is without the train that has been so much in vogue. But—women seem to have rebelled to a degree that restricts the short skirt to the walking costume, while gowns for afternoon and reception wear are worn with a medium sweep. We have had the pleated skirts so long that it would seem as if a reaction must be imminent; and indeed eastern dressmakers are making much use of the circular model, plain, graceful

to flare round the foot, yet must not be exaggeratedly full. It is usual to put graduated pleats down the front. The upper part of the skirt fits closely, the flare beginning well below the hips.

The most popular coat this winter is unmistakably the long one, either close fitting or loose. And yet almost as many short jackets and blouses are seen, especially with short skirts. The long coat is most graceful over the long skirt, but the latter is extremely difficult to hold up under the long wrap. Yet the long garment is regarded as the most stylish.

The most decided change this season is in sleeves. Fashion has decreed that the fullness shall be at the top instead of at the wrist, and the sleeve with pouch at the lower portion is decidedly passe. The width is just below the shoulder, held out to give a square effect by means of crinoline or a bit of whalebone. The lower part of the sleeve is fitted closely to the arm; the upper part is often two drooping puffs finished with a ruffle which falls over the tight-fitting portion just below the elbow. A few of the very latest separate waists have the plain, almost close-fitting sleeve of seven years ago.

Try as they may, dressmakers cannot oust the separate waist. It is too pretty, too convenient, too dressy. The waist of a cloth gown is too warm and heavy for comfortable wear under a wrap, and too heavy-looking to be dressy. So we go on ordering pretty taffeta, louisine and lace waists in spite of assurances that the waist and skirt to match are "the correct thing."

THE BLOUSE EFFECT.

In waists is now as thoroughly "out" as the pouched sleeve. There must be sufficient material to produce a full effect, but it must be drawn under or draped and the fullness put under the belt instead of falling over it. The broad-shouldered effect is still studied, but the long shoulder line no longer obtains—that is, the exaggeratedly long effect.

Simple waists in silk or the soft flannels or waistings are generally trimmed with bias bands piped with a contrasting color. Plaid or a black-and-white striped silk, or perhaps a check in black and white are often used for pipings and are effective. Double pipings of white and black silk are sometimes seen.

A very pretty and quite new way of making a waist—and one that can be applied to silk and any soft wool like nun's veiling, albatros, etc.—is to tuck front and sleeves diagonally; that is, in one big X shape for each, letting the place where the tucks cross, making a square, come in the centre. Six tucks—quite narrow ones, is the correct number, and if lace collar, cuffs and shoulder-straps are added, the outcome is a really stylish yet simple waist.

No prettier trimming for thin wool goods than the bias taffeta bands in vogue a couple of years ago has ever been devised. To replace them we now have shirred bands of taffeta, which are much more troublesome to make and not so pretty, but which are "newer." The shirring is done on cords, by hand, and the thread must be drawn, as the taffeta is full on the cord, in order to give the proper effect.

Open-work embroidery is thought more handsome than lace, and ladies skilled with the needle are embroidering their own crepe de chine waists, putting the work on yoke, collar and the deep cuffs, which are really the lower part of the sleeve.

Not infrequently the pattern of lace is outlined in colored silk, pale blue and black being most effective on white lace, with narrow bias folds of blue taffeta embroidered in French knots.

Party dresses for young girls are in any soft, thin goods—voile, nun's veiling, London thread or thin silk, and a pretty way to make the skirt is to shirr it slightly to the belt and

time, the Frenchman became a power in the land. Every one says so who has ever been to Lalui, the King's capital.

Major Gibbons, the latest to write about these two men, says that "the lofty character and impressive personality of Coillard finally obliterated the harsh side of Lewanika's character and developed a certain liberality of sentiment and a laudable desire to raise his people to a higher scale of civilization."

When Lewanika attended the coronation of King Edward VII. he said he wanted more white teachers for the children of his country and more carpenters to show his people how to build houses. The civilization that has become a reality in Mashonaland and Matabeleland has also obtained a substantial foothold in Barotseland, and the man to whose influence this change is chiefly due was the humble missionary, Coillard.

He lived for thirty years in Barotseland and died at the age of 70 at the King's capital.

DEATH RATE IN WAR.

Proportion of One in Twenty Is Rarely Reached.

Is war becoming more or less deadly? It has been argued by war experts that by a curious paradox the improvement in guns had actually reduced the death rate in modern battles. The opposite effect in the present Russian-Japanese war is attributed to the fanatical bravery of the soldiers. It would seem that under the old conditions of fighting, when gun-powder was unknown, wars drifted on for generations, even for centuries. For a hundred years, almost without intermission, England waged war with Scotland and also with France, and the Thirty Years' War and, later, the Seven Years' War are epochs in military history. The late rebellion, though fought with muzzle loading guns, lasted only four years; a year later Prussia brought Austria to her knees in seven short weeks, and a generation ago she crushed the power of France in eight months. The United States only took ninety days to thrash Spain; and even the late war in South Africa, though it covered over two and a half years, would have been considered absurdly short in the days of Crecy and Agincourt.

When in ancient times the weapons were bows and arrows, swords and battle axes, and when no weapon was used which could be relied on to kill at a distance of more than a few hundred yards, the mortality frequently rose to one in every three or four fighters engaged, and sometimes exceeded this enormous percentage; whereas, in modern battles, with weapons far more deadly, a proportion of one in twenty is rarely reached.

The statistics would certainly seem to bear out this theory. At Alma the casualties were 54 per 1,000, or, roughly, 1 to 18.5; at Inkerman they were 1 in 20, at Sedan, 1 in 60; at Gravelotte, 1 in 111, and at Waterloo, 1 in 21. In the Crimean war it took 89,000,000 shots to kill 120,000 men—742 shots to despatch 1 man, and at Gibraltar 258,387 shot and shell found only 1,341 human targets, and of these many were only wounded. During the Franco-Prussian War 1 fighter was disabled by every 254 shots.

JAPAN'S 8,000,000 GODS.

It is said that there are no fewer than 8,000,000 gods worshipped by the Japanese. Praying is made very easy. In the streets are tall posts, with prayers printed on them and with a small wheel attached. Anyone can give the wheel a turn, and that counts as a prayer. The people in the second largest of the 3,580 islands of which the empire is composed worship the bear and reverence the sun, moon, fire, wind, and water.

"Pray don't apologize!" said Archie. "I think she looked divine in her rage. But, still, old chap, don't you think it's rather beneath you to quarrel and bicker with one it should be your pride and pleasure to conciliate?"

"Rot!" said Cecil shortly. "She'd vex the temper of a graven image. Besides, I know she loves a row, and I'm really doing her a kindness by indulging her. Women as fit for war as men! What awful twaddle! But, I say, supposing this affair with Russia comes off, I—"

"Aren't you supposing a good deal young man?" said Braize. "Remember that the pocket of diplomacy is a pretty long one, and the top of its has only been skimmed at present. We shall have to go a lot deeper yet before we come to the bottom of it."

"Oh, but I say," said Cecil, his face dropping, "surely those dyed-in-the-wool old Johnnies at the Foreign Office won't go and spoil the only decent chance of war at sea that there has been for over half a century? The Army's had their chance; it would be a crime to rob us of ours."

"It might be a still greater crime to let us have it," said Braize gravely.

The two talked on for some time. As a rule, Archie was rather amused by Cecil's boyish prattle, but to-night he wished he would go away. He wanted to lean out of the window of his room and watch the peaceful glory of the spreading country around, and, though he scarcely owned it even to himself, he wanted to think of Netta.

At last Cecil began to evince signs that he had talked himself out. He rose with a yawn.

"Oh, by the way, old chap," he said, "your room's on the ground floor, isn't it? I wish you'd let me have it for to-night. I'm going to get up very early to have a last scamper on my favorite old mare. The only thing I've got against our profession is that one can never get astride a decent horse except when on leave. The Army cads have got the better of us there; it's the only thing I envy 'em. So I get as much riding as I can when I'm at home; and I don't want to wake up the house. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not in the least!" laughed Braize. And so he took his good-night smoke leaning on the sill of Cecil's window; but his thoughts of Netta were none the less tender because he was indulging in them in the bedroom of one from whom she had parted on terms of enmity.

"Dear little girl!" he murmured. "A spit-fire Cecil called her; but I like a woman with spirit. Heigho! I wish I were not so confoundedly poor!"

He knocked his pipe out on the sill, and then thoughtfully retired to rest to dream that Netta had captured Admiral Rojestvensky, and was giving him a piece of her mind, and that Cecil was tiding about on board the dear old "Philomel" on horse-back!

II.

He awoke in the morning with an impression that someone was in the room.

"That you, Cecil?" he called lazily. But the door quickly closed, and no reply was vouchsafed.

"Expect he wanted something from this room," muttered Braize. And, turning over, he indulged in the luxury of a supplementary nap.

When he awoke the wintry sun was doing its best to flood the room with glory. It was still early; but Braize felt he had had enough of bed, and turned out.

"Hallo!" he said. "Blank envelope on the dressing-table. I suppose that was what the young beggar came prowling in here for—wanted to leave me a note."

He broke open the envelope. "I'll show you whether women aren't as brave as men," he read.

aloud. "I'm off to Portsmouth to get a ship, and if I don't see all the fun I'm a Dutchman. A new era has dawned for women; men aren't going to have things all their own way any longer."

"P. S.—What makes you snore so abominably?"

"Now, what the dickens does this mean?" murmured Braize. "Hanged if I can make head or tail of it! Evidently it's meant for Cecil, and is from that spirited little sister of his. But what does it all mean? Anyhow, it's not my letter. I'd better hurry up and find Cecil. Perhaps he'll be able to explain."

Half an hour after he found Cecil. The gallant sub-lieutenant was lying full length on a country road at some distance from his father's house his face ghastly white, with the exception of the places where it was stained with blood, which was gushing out of an ugly wound in his forehead.

Although almost stunned with the shock of the discovery, Braize was a man of action, and he hastened to a running brook near by, soaked his handkerchief in the water, and sponged the blood away from the handsome, boyish face.

The cold water caused the wounded young man to regain a momentary consciousness. He opened his eyes.

"Hallo, old chap!" he said faintly. "I shan't be able to come, after all. Netta's tried to kill me."

And the blue eyes closed again. Netta! The shock of discovering Cecil had been as nothing to this. Surely—surely it could not be! Those honest, fearless eyes had contained only spirit; violence—and cowardly violence to her own brother—surely she could not have been guilty of this awful deed!

Some laborers passing on their way to work were regarding him curiously.

"Mr. Bramber has met with an accident," he explained hurriedly. "Carry him as tenderly as you can to the nearest cottage. I'm going for a doctor."

Between them they carried the poor boy to the cottage, and, having seen him safely bestowed, Braize rushed off on the wings of the wind towards the nearest town, where dwelt the only doctor in the district.

As he ran he thought. Netta had suddenly gone mad—that was the only explanation. Of course, it was she who had come into his room in the early hours of the morning. "She was going to Portsmouth to find a ship." The words of her letter burned into his brain in letters of fire. That only admitted of one interpretation. She had dressed in her brother's clothes, and was going to try to get on board a ship of war disguised as a man. At any cost, she must be stopped.

And stopped she was. He found her cowering in the waiting-room, very tired, very cold, and very frightened.

"Oh, Mr. Braize!" she said, her face flooding with beautiful crimson. "Oh, Netta, Netta!" he said, holding both her hands, and gazing reproachfully into her wonderful eyes. "How could you do it?"

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "I was so angry; but I didn't really mean to go. I was trying to muster up courage to come back, and own myself in the wrong. I am a coward, and I know it—in these clothes!"

"Yes; but Cecil?" he asked gravely. "How could you try to kill your own brother?"

"I don't understand!" she said simply.

In a few broken words he told her of the plight in which he had found Cecil.

"And when he opened his eyes," he finished, "he said, 'Netta tried to kill me.'"

"Yes, yes," she said. "Netta is the name of his mare. She was named after me. But I must get back. Oh, the poor boy! I must nurse him!"

Braize keeps the memory of that ride back in the closed carriage to

VARIOUS KINDS OF HELP

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN AMERICA.

Species Vary in Manners According to the Latitude in Which They Are.

After eight months of wandering as a returned expatriate, in my native land, I have learned never to use the word "servant" unless I happen to be in the south, writes Elizabeth Banks in Pall Mall Gazette.

"How long have you been a servant in California?" I asked a chambermaid in a San Francisco hotel.

She tossed her head, and answered. "I'm not a servant!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I answered, "but I thought you were chambermaid here."

I was not sure but I had made a horrible mistake, one of those mistakes the stranger often makes in California, when a tired-looking woman, arrayed in print dress and gingham apron, opens the door to the visitor, who says:

"Is your mistress at home?" receiving for answer, "I'm the lady of the house! What do you want?"

"No," said the San Francisco chambermaid, "I'm not a servant. I'm a help."

I had not learned policy of tactfulness in those early days of my return, so I said to the girl.

"I beg to disagree with you. I should call you a downright hindrance!"

Two or three months later, when I began to get seasoned, I made myself popular with California servants, remembering always to call them "helps," unless I spoke of them as cooks, chambermaids, waitresses, etc. For many of them I learned to have the greatest respect and admiration. Some of the best raw material in American womankind emigrate to California, and begin life out there as "helps." They afterwards marry real estate agents, and do their own housework, and send their daughters to Germany to study music. While they are "helps" they receive wages varying from six dollars to ten dollars a week in California. Even general servants get seven dollars a week in California.

The very first servant girl with whom I came into personal contact after my return was chambermaid in a Los Angeles hotel. Being shown into a room where the china did not meet with my approval, I rang the bell, and a sadly bedragged daughter of Erin appeared.

"The basin, the pitcher, and all the china here are very dirty," I said. "Will you please wash them?"

"Them's clean!" she announced, shortly.

I carried the basin to her. "See, it is very dirty," I said.

She placed her hands akimbo on her hips, and threw her head back. "I'll bet ye a dollar it's clean!" was her answer.

I said nothing. I only stared. "Come now! I'll bet ye a dollar! Do you take me up?" she repeated.

There, again, I was not tactful. I should have put up my dollar. I simply threw myself down on the bed and laughed till I cried, and then laughed again. The humor of the situation appealed to me. I had come back to America to study the "servant problem," and I was confronted with this!

Coming a bit farther east, on towards Chicago, I met a new and delightful kind of "help." One of the prettiest girls I ever saw was arrayed in large apron and dusting pan sweeping the library in the house of a friend whom I was visiting.

"What a delightful housemaid you've got!" I exclaimed to her.

She laughed. "Housemaid!" she repeated. "Well, she knows how to sweep, but I must soon lose her. She

ern town, where the cook, noting my gown, said it was 'hansum, an' how much is it a yard, for I'm thinkin' of havin' a dress like it myself!'"

But it was one of these charmingly respectful negro servants that lately brought me to grief and added to my poverty in footgear. I have been visiting a southern friend whose negro chambermaid is one of her dearest treasures. The day after my arrival it rained, and that night when I went to bed I placed my best shoes of finest kid and patent tips outside my bedroom door to have the mud removed and a polish applied.

"Thank yo: ma'am. I'se sho' it's very kin' in yo'," said Martha the next morning when she was making my bed. I thought to myself that Martha was very polite indeed, thanking me for letting her make my bed, and went on with my writing.

I did not need my shoes that day nor the next, but on the third day when I had begun to wonder what had been done with them, Martha limped into the room with a jug of feedwater.

"Have you hurt yourself, Martha?" I asked solicitously. "You seem to be lame."

"Oh, no'm!" she replied, grinning ecstatically.

Then I happened to look at her feet. She was wearing my shoes!

I was so astonished I just opened my mouth, but not a word could I say. Martha limped out of the room, and was shortly afterwards succeeded by her mistress, who said:

"Well, I must say I should have thought you'd have better sense!"

"Really," I answered. "By what particular act have you finally discovered the fact of my imbecility?"

"As if you didn't know!" she exclaimed. "In the first place, those shoes are almost new, and, unless they pinched you, I should think you'd need them yourself; and, in the second place, if you had to give them away, you should have picked out a more suitable recipient than a colored chambermaid. A fine sight Martha is, limping about my house in French heels and patent tips!"

"My dear," I answered calmly. "those shoes didn't pinch me, but they are pinching Martha. They are my best shoes. She stole them!"

"Stole them! Why, you must be crazy! Martha has been with me ever since I was born! She wouldn't steal a pin. Besides, she wouldn't dare to wear them in your room if she stole them!"

"Yes, she is cool," I admitted, "but she stole them nevertheless. I put them outside my door the other night and the next I saw of them Martha had them on her fairy feet."

"Put them outside your door! Why, what a funny place to put them! What did you put them there for?"

"Talking of having sense," I retorted, "doesn't your sense tell you I put them there because I wanted them cleaned?"

Martha's mistress sat back in her rocking chair and went into an hysterical peal of laughter. She screamed, she rocked, she wiped her eyes.

"That is too rich!" she exclaimed. "You put them outside your door, and poor Martha thought you meant to give them to her as a present! Of course, she was delighted with them. Negro girls are wild about French heels."

"What!" I exclaimed, and then I too joined in the laugh. Now I remembered Martha's "Thank yo: ma'am! I'se sho yo's very kin'" she was thanking me for the shoes.

Martha has still got the shoes. Her ignorance is bliss, and neither I nor her mistress has any intention of making her wise and spoiling her happiness. Besides, has she not confidentially informed her mistress that I am "jes' as kin' an' gen'rus as a full-blown American lady w'ich livin' with them English hasn't spoiled?"

YOUNG FOLKS

DEAR LITTLE GIRL.

I know a little girl,
(Bless her heart, so I say)
Whose head is one big curl,
And who sings the livelong day.
And every morning, noon and night
I hold her on my knee,
For this child so sweet and bright
Is all the world to me.

Now every mother knows
(Every loving auntie, too)
That each little girl who goes
Laughing, singing her world
through

Is the sweetest ever seen,
Just the dearest than can be—
So I'm not alone, I ween,
When I hold mine on my knee.

HERMIT AND ROBBERS.

Very many years ago, according to the old Italian story-tellers, an old hermit was once travelling through a forest seeking for some grotto or cave where he might take up his abode, hoping to find rest and seclusion far from the busy and, as he thought, wicked world. He came at last to a cave among some rocks that seemed just suited to his purpose, and, joyfully entering, felt glad that his wearisome journey was at an end.

As soon as his eyes had become accustomed to the dim light of the place, he saw something that glistened in the few rays of sunlight which entered through the opening. On examining it, he found it to be a heap of gold, probably hidden there by some one who thought the cave would be a good hiding place.

Now the hermit believed that money belonged to the things of a very evil world, and should be avoided as much as possible, so he instantly fled from the place as fast as he could.

He presently encountered three robbers, who were surprised to see a man hastening through such a forest without any apparent reason. They therefore stopped the poor man, and asked what was the cause of his alarm and his wild flight.

"I am flying from an enemy, who is pursuing me fast behind," replied the man.

"Show us the enemy," said they, "and we will rid thee of him."

At first he refused, but on the men persisting, he at length led them to the cave, pointed to the gold, and once more fled from the place.

The robbers were highly amused at the hermit's strange conduct, and at once began to talk of what they would do with the money, and of the fine times to be enjoyed in the city.

The riches they had so strangely become possessed of were to be equally divided, but in the meantime one was to go to the nearest town and buy wine and food and bring to his companions in the cave, where they would rest for a time, divide the gold and decide as to their future.

The one robber accordingly went to the town and purchased what he considered necessary for a right royal feast, but before returning to his friends he refreshed himself with meat and drink, and rested awhile, thinking over his good fortune. Then the idea occurred to him that it would be a very good thing if he could obtain possession of the whole of the booty instead of sharing it with his companions, so he decided to mix some poison with the food he was taking back to them. This was done, and he set out on his return journey.

Meanwhile, the two other robbers had divided the gold into three portions, and while waiting for the return of their comrade had thought how much better off they would be if there were only two to share it instead of three. They therefore de-

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TRAMPS IN SWITZERLAND.

Method of Dealing with the Work-shy Individuals.

The tramp is said to be disappearing in Switzerland as a result of the following treatment—If an able-bodied man is without means, is genuinely in search of work, and his papers are in order, he will, on application, be supplied by the police with food and lodging, and will, if possible, have employment indicated to him. If he cannot obtain any he will be passed on to the next town, to a relief station, to his own district or to the canonical frontier. If he refused work when offered he is sent to his own district, to be dealt with by its council, (who are responsible for the maintenance of their indigent citizens), and if the council decide that he is work-shy, he may be sent for a term varying from three months to two years to a forced labor institution, which is in effect a house of correction for persons guilty of the less serious offences.

The police are empowered to arrest beggars without warrant, and it is pointed out the system of certificates of origin and of discharge from work in force in the country materially facilitates the identification of the professional tramp.

The court before which the idler is brought may commit him to prison for a short time, or, in case of repeated offences and of refusal to work, may sentence him to from two to six months imprisonment in jail, or from six months to two years in a forced labor institution.

RUBBER PAVEMENTS.

But for their expensiveness it is probable that pavements of india-rubber would be largely used in city streets. That, at least, is the inference to be drawn from experience with rubber pavement in London. In 1881 the two roads under the hotel at Euston Station were paved with rubber two inches thick. This pavement, under heavy traffic, remained in continuous use for 21 years. In 1902 it was renewed, having been worn down to about half its original thickness. Lately a rubber pavement has been laid in the courtyard of the Savoy Hotel, London. The cost for covering an area of 75 by 50 feet was nearly \$10,000.

"I believe her father is well-to-do, isn't he?" "On the contrary, I've found him very hard to do."

Coming a bit further east, on towards Chicago, I met a new and delightful kind of "help." One of the prettiest girls I ever saw was arrayed in large apron and dusting cap sweeping the library in the house of a friend whom I was visiting.

"What a delightful housemaid you've got!" I exclaimed to her.

She laughed. "Housemaid!" she repeated. "Well, she knows how to sweep, but I must soon lose her. She graduates this year!"

"Is she going to get married?" I asked, misunderstanding.

"No, she finishes the course at the university this year!" was the reply.

The young woman was, it seemed, working three hours a day for her board and room while she went to college.

On my trip back to the east I got quite accustomed to being taken into my friends' kitchens and being "introduced" to the "helms." They were not all college girls. Some of them were fresh from Ireland, Sweden, Germany. Others were daughters of farmers in the neighborhood round about. Some acknowledged the introduction by extending to me the welcoming hand, others grinned merely, and said "How do?"

When I got to New York there was less of familiarity and more of insolence, which was really the harder to bear. Still familiarity was not wholly lost, for in a first-class boarding house where I have been stopping my first man caller was announced to me as "A young feller to see ye!" And when a dignified statesman did me the honor to call, I was informed by the maid that "another feller, an old one, kinder scrawny, and I didn't ask his name," was "down to the parlor."

To be sure, this specimen was a boarding-house servant, but as in this country many, if not the majority, of our "best people" live in boarding-houses, it is a sample of the sort of service they get for the high prices they pay. Not always are our callers designated as "fellers." "A gentleman to see you," is often the formula, but never by any chance does it enter the servant's head to ask for the name. She however, takes a careful scrutiny of his personality, and she relies upon her description of your caller for your information as to his identity. If he has a mole over his left eye, a particularly large nose, a big foot, a waxed moustache, drooping shoulders, he is thus announced to you.

"A gentleman with a large nose to see you, Miss!" etc. Woe betide you if you have two friends with large noses!

At first, if you are English, or like me, half-English because of your long residence in the country, where servants have some sense of the eternal fitness of things, you are shocked and disgusted. But later on, if your stay here is but a temporary one, you put yourself in the position of student and find yourself highly edified as well as amused.

As you leave New York and travel southward you find more trained servants. The southern women themselves are very like Englishwomen in their manner of running their households, and in what they demand from their servants. The typical southern servant who has not become demoralized with northern associations is usually polite and respectful. The familiarity among the southern servants is not usually of that sort which offends. Rather is it of the kind one often finds among the old family servants in England and Scotland—a respectful, loving kind of familiarity which takes an interest in you. "You do look gurdy in that dress, Miss!" says the old negro butler to you, and you find it altogether pleasant in him to say it, and you reply, "Thank you, Sambo. I'm so glad you think that!" Altogether different is this from the experience I had in a west-

ignorance is bliss, and neither I nor her mistress has any intention of making her wise and spoiling her happiness. Besides, has she not confidentially informed her mistress that I am "jes' as kin' an' gen'rus as a full-blown American lady w'ich livin' with them English hasn't spoiled?"

THE DISEASE OF JEWELS.

Precious stones are subject to sickness and some of them die. They become pale, lose their lustre, split, grow dark, and have several other diseases.

Rules fade when long exposed to the light, so does the garnet. The topaz, on the other hand, becomes darker and loses its brilliancy.

The most sensitive jewels are opals and pearls. Opals frequently split. They are very sensitive to excessive heat, and in fact all changes of temperature.

Pearls become almost worthless very easily. Fire transforms them into lime, acids attack them as they do marble. Very acid perspiration even may attack them. They, as well as opals, are said to respond to a certain extent to the physical condition of the one who wears them. Pearls are made up of layers, like the skin of an onion, and it is sometimes possible to repair them by removing the outer layer. This is such delicate work that it is seldom attempted.

Diamonds seem to be the least sensitive, but it is not prudent to take them too near the fire. Emeralds and sapphires retain their color well and do not deteriorate easily.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S WAY.

A certain gushing lady took her four-year-old daughter to a photographer. The little one would not keep still. The camera man was as nice and suave as he could be, and called the child all the sweet, endearing names he could think of, while using every device of gentle persuasion to make the little wriggler keep quiet. Finally he turned to the despairing mother and said:

"Madame, if you will leave your darling with me for a few minutes I think I can succeed in taking her lovely face to perfection."

The mother withdrew for a short time. Soon the photographer summoned her back and exhibited a highly satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked:

"Nellie, what did that nice gentleman say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"Well, he thaid," lisped Nellie, "if you don't thit sthill, you ugly, squint-eyed monkey, I'll thake the life out of your trembling carcath." Then I that very sthill, mamma."

VIGO AND DRAKE.

Vigo, on the west coast of Spain, is a port which figures prominently in the Naval annals of Britain, but the present is the first time that we have settled our quarrels there by conference and protocol instead of by the gun cutlass. Our Elizabethan heroes were well acquainted with the bay and port, where they frequently called, if not, perhaps, for the purpose of coaling. In 1589 Drake, hearing that the Spanish Plate galleons had arrived there, sailed into the bay with twenty-five ships, and, in spite of the batteries, armed with 20,000 men, attacked at once, and in two hours destroyed and captured the combined fleets of France and Spain, thus setting an example which Nelson was to imitate later on. The bulk of the treasure was said to have been thrown into the sea, but still remains to be discovered. The place was again attacked by Lord Cobham in 1719, and almost destroyed.

Maud—"Everyone I meet says I look ill." Ida—"It must be your new hat, dear! You don't look well in it!"

with his companions, so he decided to mix some poison with the food he was taking back to them. This was done, and he set out on his return journey.

Meanwhile, the two other robbers had divided the gold into three portions, and while waiting for the return of their comrade had thought how much better off they would be if there were only two to share it instead of three. They therefore decided to kill their companion immediately on his arrival and share the treasure between them.

Never suspecting any treachery, the robber entered the cave, was seized by his friends and quickly dispatched. Quite unsuspecting, the remaining two commenced to partake of the food that had been brought them and very soon became aware that they also were the victims of wrongdoing. After suffering violent pains and remorse, in a few hours they were dead.

The greed and vice of the robbers had been the cause of their destruction, but the poor hermit, notwithstanding his strange ideas with regard to the gold, went on his way contented and happy.

"HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE"

The Captain of the Steamship Norge Was a Hero.

The captain of the shipwrecked steamship Norge did not lose his presence of mind nor his rare and heroic unselfishness in the midst of the engulfing waves, even when a dishonorable safety offered. He was going down with the steamer, pinned between two rails of the bridge, with as calm an air as if sailing into a smooth harbor, when the play of the rushing water, far below the surface released him.

He rose to the surface, and swimming slowly about, came into close proximity to a life-boat.

"Better take me on board, boys," he quietly argued, when the men warned him off with threatening oars and harsh words that the boat was already filled. "You'll need me. Not a man among you knows how or where to go."

"It's the captain!" cried a member of the crew, and it was finally agreed that for the sake of his navigation knowledge the "all but" exhausted man should be taken on board. Then came the touch which proved the captain a true hero as well as a true man.

When he had risen to the surface, a sinking woman clutched him. He caught her and supported her. Now he prepared to assist her to climb into the boat.

"Not the woman! We're too low in the water already. We'll take you but you only!" cried the fear-maddened occupants of the life-boat.

"Very well," came the quiet answer, "then I stay out, also. If this woman is to perish, so must I."

"He that loseth his life shall save it," came true in this instance. Because the captain's assistance was now so eagerly desired by the crew of the life-boat both he and the woman were drawn on board and saved.

When the Panama Canal has been completed it will have cost \$200,000,000.

The Rector's Daughter—"My father feels it very much, Mrs. Barker, that you should leave the church every Sunday just before the sermon. Don't you think you might try and stay in future?" Mrs. Barker—"I dursn't do it, miss—I do snore—that dreadful when I'm asleep."

Dobson—"I tell you what, there's nothing like a bicycle for a man with a nervous, irritable disposition. My wife says I'm a much more agreeable man than I was before I got a machine." Jenkins—"Why's that—because it takes you outdoors so much?" Dobson—"Not only that, but when ever I feel like blowing somebody up I go down and blow up my tyres, and then I feel better."

STRONGEST PLACE EVER BESIEGED

Port Arthur Compared With Six Crimean Sebastopols.

THE STRONGEST PLACE.

The Tokio correspondent of the London Times quotes foreign correspondents who have just arrived from Port Arthur as saying that it is the strongest place that has ever been besieged. The things that the Japanese have accomplished almost stagger belief even when they are seen. They do not think that any other army in the world could have made such progress. They compare Port Arthur with six Crimean Sebastopols, all situated on hills and arranged to be mutually supporting, the groups connected by tramways and telephones, and backed by a massive wall, masking the movements of troops. The correspondents say the place undoubtedly will be captured, but meanwhile they strongly deprecate the over-sanguine tone of the journals, which, since August, have been promising the speedy reduction of the fortress, thereby depriving the army of part of the credit for its wonderful achievements.

OYAMA ASSAULTED.

A despatch to the Temps from Tokio says that Gen. Baron Kodama, Field-Marshal Oyama's chief of staff, has been recalled from Manchuria for striking Marshal Oyama.

"NEVER RETREAT."

A despatch from Mukden says: Gen. Kourapatkin, addressing the troops on Sunday, said:—"You must never allow yourselves to retreat. Even in the case of the smallest detachment, having once formed a plan it must be carried out to the end."

SURPRISED JAPANESE.

A despatch from Mukden says: Volunteers who crossed the Sha River on Friday surprised a force of the enemy, killing about 100 and taking 15 prisoners. The Russian losses were trifling.

JAPS TO EMPLOY CHARIOTS.

A despatch from Harbin says: Chinese from the south say the Japanese have brought 50,000 Chinese into southern Manchuria, but have great difficulty in feeding them. They also say the Japanese have prepared a thousand four-wheeled carts with iron shields in front and on the sides, which are to be pushed by soldiers, in which are to be carried rapid-fire and machine guns.

Some frozen Japanese have been found in abandoned trenches. There is the greatest activity in Harbin, where the Russians are building enlarged baths, churches and hospitals.

A scheme has been discovered by which a Siberian merchant has been sending vodka to the front marked with a red cross and labeled as medical supplies. The perpetrator has been forced to leave the country.

Lack of Chinese silver is causing the depreciation of the rouble here, but the reported closing of the Chinese bank at Tio Pass is untrue.

DESTROYERS ESCAPE.

A despatch to the London Telegraph from Chefoo says it is reported that eight Russian torpedo-boat destroyers have escaped from Port Arthur.

OCCUPIED THE HEIGHTS.

A despatch received at Tokio by telegraph on Thursday from the Japanese army before Port Arthur says:—

"The right column of the army at 5 o'clock Thursday morning, taking advantage of the enemy's excitement, drove them off an eminence north of Housanyentao on Pigeon Bay and occupied the position, and at 7 o'clock dislodged the enemy from a height on the peninsula west of Housanyentao, which we occupied, capturing one small gun. After the Japanese occupation of the positions the enemy made a counter-attack, but was immediately repulsed. At present our occupation of the position is practically secure."

AN EXCUSE TO END WAR.

A despatch to St. Petersburg says: The Russian authorities have received information confirmatory of the Novoe Vremya's statement of Wednesday regarding the Chinese situation, indicating that the Japanese influence is predominant not only in the anti-foreign societies, but in the army and at Pekin, forcing the conviction here that the situation is becoming critically dangerous. The belief prevails that in the Spring Japan, under the cover of an actual or threatened rising in China, will seek to secure the intervention of the powers to end the war. Direct evidence exists that the anti-foreign proclamations circulating in China are printed in Japan.

JAPS DRIVEN FROM FORT.

According to the Chefoo correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph it is reported there that the flanking fire from other forts and the explosion of Russian mines have forced the Japanese to evacuate Itchesan fort, northward of 203-Metre Hill, with serious losses. It is stated that Gen. Nogi, the Japanese commander at Port Arthur, has asked for 60,000 reinforcements. Many have already arrived from the north.

Concurrently with the blowing up of Kikwanshan fort a Russian shell struck the fort on 203-Metre Hill, exploding a store of shells and grenades the Japanese had gathered there. Great damage was done, and there were many casualties.

The unnamed height that was captured by the Japanese at the same time they captured the Kikwanshan fort is called Taotishan. It is crowned by a newly constructed Russian fort. After the Japanese had captured it the Russians bombarded the position, but the Japanese guns on 203-Metre Hill protected it, and the Russian fire slackened. Since then there has been desultory firing.

The value of Kikwanshan fort at present is less than 203-Metre Hill, because it is more or less commanded from the neighboring hills, especially one 130 yards to the westward, which must be sapped. It is estimated that the Japanese losses in taking Kikwanshan fort were only 400.

GUNS CAPTURED.

A despatch from Washington says: The following cablegram, dated Tokio, Wednesday, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—

"Port Arthur army reports our trophies at the battle of the north fort of Tukekwanshan were four quick-firers, whereof two are usable,

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Dec. 27.—Wheat—No. 2 white and red winter quoted at 97 to 98c outside; No. 2 goose quoted at 84 to 85c east and No. 2 Spring at 93c east. Manitoba wheat unchanged; No. 1 Northern quoted at \$1.04; No. 2 Northern, 99c and No. 3 Northern at 98c, Georgian Bay ports. Grinding in transit prices are 6c above those quoted.

Oats—No. 2 white is quoted at 32 to 32½c low freights, and at 31½c north and west; No. 1 white is steady at 32½ to 33c west.

Barley—No. 2 quoted at 45c middle freights. No. 3 extra, 43c; and No. 3 at 41c middle freights.

Peas—The market is steady, with dealers quoting 67 to 68c at outside points.

Corn—The market is quiet, with new Canadian quoted at 42 to 43c west, guaranteed sound. New American yellow, 52c on track, Toronto and new mixed at 51½c, Toronto.

Rye—The market is unchanged at 74 to 75c at outside points.

Buckwheat—The market is quiet and steady, with No. 2 quoted at 51c high freight, and at 52c low freight.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents are quoted at \$4.25 to \$4.40 in buyers' sacks, east or west. Straight rollers of special brands, for domestic trade, in bbls. \$4.75 to \$5. Manitoba flours unchanged. No. 1 patents, \$5.40 to \$5.50; No. 2 patents, \$3.20 to \$5.80, and strong bakers', \$4.90 to \$5.10 on track, Toronto.

Millfeed—At outside points bran is quoted at \$14.50, and shorts at \$17.50 to \$18. Manitoba bran, in sacks, \$18 and shorts at \$21.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—The market is firm for choice stock at \$1.75 to \$2.25 per barrel; cooking apples, \$1 to \$1.50 per barrel.

Beans—Trade is fair, and prices unchanged, with prime quoted at \$1.35 to \$1.40, and hand-picked at \$1.45 to \$1.50.

Cranberries—The market is unchanged at \$8 per barrel.

Hops—The market is unchanged at 32 to 35c, according to quality.

Honey—The market is quiet, at 7½ to 8c per lb. Comb honey, \$1.50 to \$2 per dozen.

Hay—Car lots of No. 1 timothy are quoted at \$8 to \$8.50 on track here, and No. 2 at \$6.50 to \$7.

Straw—Car lots are quoted at \$6 to \$6.25 on track, Toronto.

Potatoes—Car lots are quoted at 75 to 80c per bag, on track; jobbing lots at 90c to \$1.

Poultry—Spring chickens, 8 to 9c; hens, 5½ to 7c per lb; ducks, 9 to 10c per lb; geese, 8 to 9c per lb; turkeys, dry plucked, 12 to 13c; do., scalded, 10 to 11c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Finest 1-lb. rolls, 18 to 18½c; ordinary to choice large rolls, 16 to 18c; low to medium grades, 14 to 15c; creamery prints, 22 to 23c; solids, 20 to 21c.

Eggs—The receipts are moderate, and prices are steady. Case lots of fresh are selling at 22 to 23c per dozen, and limed at 20c.

Cheese—The market is firmer, with large cheese quoted at 10½c, and twins at 11½c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged, with offerings moderate. Car lots are quoted at \$6 to \$6.25. Bacon, long clear, 8 to 8½c per lb. in case lots; mess pork, \$14 to \$14.50; do., short cut, \$17.50 to \$18.

Smoked meats—Hams, light to medium, 12 to 12½c; do., heavy, 11½ to 12c; rolls, 8 to 9c; shoulders, 8 to 9c.

Calves sold at 3 to 5½c per lb. and \$2 to \$10 each.

Hogs were unchanged at \$4.75 for select, 160 to 200 lbs. of prime bacon quality, off cars, Toronto; \$4.50 for select, 160 to 200 lbs. of prime bacon quality off cars, Toronto, \$4.50 for fat and lights.

SERIOUS STATE OF AFFAIRS

Pennsylvania and Ohio Mills With-out Water.

A Pittsburg despatch says: It is feared that within the next ten days almost every industry in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio will have to close down. The drought is the worst in the history of this part of the country. The weather bureau cannot see any relief in sight. There is only half a foot of snow on the level. If this melted it would only be equal to six-tenths of an inch of rain and it will take at least one inch of rain besides to be of any benefit.

The Edgar Thompson Steel Plant has ordered a large part of the plant to close down. The furnaces have no coke, and the boilers are all corroded with the sulphur from the coal mines.

In the country districts, especially in the mountains nothing but melted snow can be had for watering stock or for house use. Firemen have hung up their hose in scores of towns. Mines have closed after using sulphur water until corrosion had eaten boilers and pipes to a shell. This is working a hardship as fuel cannot be had. The south is suffering for coal, and not a mine along the Monongahela River is in operation. Streams that have never been dry within memory of man, have not been covered with water for a month, and pools are frozen solid.

Workmen at the National Tube Works, the Duquesne and Homestead Mills say conditions at those places cannot be explained, and orders to close down are expected hourly. The furnaces of the Shanango and Mahoning Valleys have only two more weeks coke on hand. Even if the Connellsville region can supply the coke, the railroads cannot haul it, and this at a time when the boom in iron and steel is at its best.

The Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads are suffering from the drought. Most of the engines being used by the Pennsylvania between here and Harrisburg have been disabled by the eating away of the boilers which has been caused by the poor water used. The troughs lying between the tracks which held water that the engines scooped up in passing, are dried up and the engines must be supplied from other reservoirs of water at the disposal of the company.

A POWERFUL GUN.

Navies Would Be at the Mercy of New Cannon.

A Paris despatch says:—Great interest has been caused here by recent experiments with a new cannon, a secret invention. The most recent tests were made at Havre last Sunday in the presence of M. Bertaux, Minister of War, and fifty deputies and senators.

The new cannon has a calibre of 9½ inches, firing a projectile weighing 359 pounds. The principal merit of the invention is its extreme simplicity of mechanism. Three men can operate it; one to sight and one to attend the breech, while the duties of the third are a secret depending upon the invention.

The shell fired has a muzzle velocity of five hundred metres (1,640 feet), a second and produces a whistling noise heard a mile and a half away.

So powerful is the force of the shot, it is said, that no ship of any navy would be able to withstand it. Although fired 480 times, the gun

Lack of Chinese silver is causing the depreciation of the rouble here, but the reported closing of the Chinese bank at Tia Pass is untrue.

DESTROYERS ESCAPE.

A despatch to the London Telegraph from Chefoo says it is reported that eight Russian torpedo-boat destroyers have escaped from Port Arthur.

KAMIMURA IS SCOUTING.

The Tokio correspondent of the London Express says that Admiral Kamimura's squadron, which is believed to be somewhere in the southern part of the China Sea, is regarded rather as an observing than a fighting squadron. It is not believed that Admiral Rojestvensky, commanding the Baltic fleet, will come as far east as Saigon, but Japan does not propose to be caught napping. Practically the whole of Admiral Togo's fleet is ready to start southward at a day's notice. If the Baltic fleet is sighted, he will abandon the blockade of Port Arthur and sail to meet it. The Ministry of Marine is flooded with applications from officers of admirals Togo's fleet for permission to serve with Admiral Kamimura.

CONCEALED IN WOOL.

The London Times' correspondent at Peking reports that the Chinese have seized at the Fengtai station, near Peking, three million rounds of Russian rifle-ammunition consigned to a Russian firm at Tien-Tsin, and evidently designed for Port Arthur. The ammunition was concealed in bales of wool brought from Kalgan on canals.

STILL RUN BLOCKADE.

A despatch to the London Times from Peking says that occasionally junks with ammunition and provisions still succeed in running the blockade of Port Arthur, although the price paid is costly. For every junk that is successful it is estimated that three are sunk by the Japanese. As all contraband transactions are financed by the Russo-Chinese Bank, detection is not difficult.

LANDED WAR MUNITIONS.

A despatch to Tokio from Sasabo says, that the British steamship King Arthur, which was captured by the Japanese guardship Asagiri on Dec. 19, while endeavoring to escape from Port Arthur, had landed a cargo of munitions of war outside the harbor, under cover of the battleship Sevastopol.

Only three seaworthy destroyers are said to remain in Port Arthur.

PRESENTS FROM ENEMIES.

A despatch from Mukden says:—Volunteers on the night of Dec. 21 occupied Japanese trenches opposite their positions. Three trenches were evacuated by the Japanese with scarcely a fight. The victors were surprised to find a box lying in plain view, which they opened carefully, fearing that it might contain explosives, but they found in it wine, biscuits and sweets, and a letter in Russian, politely requesting its acceptance, "from disturbing neighbors."

RUSSIANS REPULSED.

A despatch from General Oku's Headquarters, via Fusan, says:—The Russians along the front of General Oku's army during the night of Dec. 20 made a determined attack on Lanuting but were driven back with heavy loss. The Japanese sustained no casualties.

Dismounted Russian cavalry attacked the cavalry on the extreme left of the Japanese line on the night of Dec. 20-21, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

Small detachments of Russians nightly attacks the Japanese outposts and patrols but with no success.

taking Kikwanshan fort were only 400

GUNS CAPTURED.

A despatch from Washington says: The following cablegram, dated Tokio, Wednesday, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—"Port Arthur army reports our trophies at the battle of the north fort of Tukekwanshan were four quick-firers, whereof two are usable, four machine guns, all usable, and five field guns, which are under examination, besides rifles, shells, ammunition, grenades, etc."

SEVASTOPOL DISABLED.

A despatch from Tokio says: Admiral Togo, who has personally made a series of observations of the Russian battleship Sevastopol, telegraphs to the Navy Department expressing the opinion that the Sevastopol is disabled. Great weight is attached to Togo's personal observations and opinion, instanced by the fact that when the Russian battleship Petropavlovsk was sunk Togo was one of the few officers of the entire Japanese fleet whose eye caught the vision of speedy disaster. Commander Yezov, who was killed while torpedoing the Sevastopol, has been promoted and has been given other posthumous honors.

STEAMER RUNS BLOCKADE.

A despatch to the London Daily Telegraph from Chefoo says that the steamer Lady Mitchell, flying the British flag and having a Norwegian crew, reached Port Arthur from Tsingtao last Saturday night. She carried a cargo of ammunition and dynamite, and took advantage of a snowstorm to run the Japanese blockade of the port.

BOATS STILL SEAWORTHY.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says:—While declining to give details, the Admiralty admits that Russian advices from Port Arthur sent by Gen. Stoessel substantially confirmed the Japanese advices of the partial wrecking of the Russian ships in the harbor and the censor has been instructed to permit the publication of the despatches. It is claimed that several of the larger ships and a respectable number of torpedo-boat destroyers are still seaworthy, but that they are not being considered as a factor in the coming fight between Admiral Togo's ships and the Russian second Pacific squadron. If the fortress is relieved it is believed that most of the ships will be raised and saved.

The reports that a Japanese squadron of 40 vessels had already sailed to meet the second Pacific squadron is regarded at the Admiralty here as being incorrect and circulated for a purpose.

SCOUTS AMBUSHED.

Thirty-Seven American Troops Slain in Philippines.

A despatch from Manila says:—The Puljanies have ambushed and killed at Dolores, on the Island of Samar, a lieutenant and 37 enlisted men of the 38th company of native scouts. Two thousand Puljanies, it is reported, threaten the town of Dolores, and the situation is said to be critical. Lieut. Abbott, in command of the scouts, has requested that aid be sent him.

FATHER OF BRITISH NAVY.

Death of Admiral Ommanney After a Long Illness.

A despatch from Portsmouth, Eng. says:—Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, the "Father of the British Navy," died here on Wednesday morning after a lengthy illness. He was the last survivor of the Battle of Narvarino, fought in 1827, which resulted in the destruction of the Turkish fleet. The Admiral was born in 1814, and entered the navy in 1826.

twins at 11½c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged, with offerings moderate. Car lots are quoted at \$6 to \$6.25. Bacon, long clear, 8 to 8½c per lb. in case lots; mess pork, \$14 to \$14.50; do, short cut, \$17.50 to \$18. Smoked meats—Hams, light to medium, 12 to 12½c; do, heavy, 11½ to 12c; rolls, 9 to 9½c; shoulders, 8½ to 9c; backs, 14 to 14½c; breakfast bacon, 12½c.

Lard—Tierces, 7½c; tubs, 8c; pails, 8½c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Dec. 27.—Grain—Oats, 40 to 40½c for No. 3 in store here; No. 3, 39c to 39½c; corn, new American yellow, 54 to 55c, guaranteed to arrive sound; 60c in store for No. 3 mixed; buckwheat, 54½ to 55c. Flour—Manitoba patents, \$5.80, and strong bakers', \$5.50; high Ontario blended patents, \$5.75 to \$5.80, in wood; choice, 90 per cent patents, \$5.50 to \$5.60 in wood, and 25c per bbl. less in shippers' new bags; straight rollers \$2.50 to \$2.55 and 25 to 30c extra in wood. Rolled oats—\$2.12½ to \$2.13 per bag, and \$4.50 to \$4.85 in bbls. Feed—Ontario bran, in bulk at \$17 to \$17.50; shorts, \$19 to \$20; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$17 to \$18; shorts at \$21. Beans—Choice primes, \$1.40 to \$1.45 per bushel, \$1.05 to \$1.37½ in car lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$16.50 to \$17.50; light short cut, \$16.50 to \$17. American clear fat backs, \$20; compound lard, 6½ to 7c; Canadian lard, 6½ to 7½c; kettle-rendered, 8½ to 9½c; hams, 12 to 13c; bacon, 12 to 13c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$7.20 to \$7.25; heavy fat hogs, \$4.75 to \$5; mixed lots, \$5 to \$5.15; select, \$5.25 to \$5.35, off cars. Cheese—Ontario Fall white, 10½ to 10½c; colored, 10½ to 10½c; Quebec, 9½ to 10c. Butter—Finest grades, 21 to 21½c; ordinary finest, at 20 to 20½c; medium grades, 18½ to 19½c; and Western dairy at 15½ to 16½c. Eggs—Select new laid, 23 to 24c, and straight gathered, candled, 20 to 21c; No. 2, 15½ to 16c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, Dec. 27.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Business light; Spring, No. 1 Northern, \$1.18; Winter, No. 2 red, \$1.20. Corn—Firm; No. 3 yellow, 49½c; No. 3 corn, 44c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 35c; No. 2 mixed, 33½c. Barley—Western, in store, 45 to 55c. Milwaukee, Dec. 27.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.13 to \$1.15; No. 2 Northern, \$1.05 to \$1.09; May, \$1.11½ to \$1.11½ asked. Rye—No. 1, 77½c. Barley—No. 2, 52c; sample, 36 to 50c. Corn—No. 3, 43 to 43½c; May, 45 to 45½c asked. Duluth, Dec. 27.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.10; No. 2 Northern, \$1.04; December, \$1.10; May, \$1.13.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Dec. 27.—The demand for choicest classes was well maintained, but medium heifers and steers and cows were not in active enquiry. Hogs were weak and unchanged, while lambs were 5 points higher. The following were the range of prices:—

Exporters' cattle were quoted at \$4.25 to \$4.90 per cwt. The following were quotations given for butchers' cattle—Select butchers', \$4.35 to \$4.50; good butchers', loads of, \$3.70 to \$4.25; fair to good, \$3.50 to \$3.70; cows, \$2.50 to \$3.12½; common to rough, \$1.25 to \$2.

The following was the range of prices prevailing in stockers and feeders—Feeders, short-keeps, 1,200 to 1,275 lbs., \$3.50 to \$3.60; stockers, 600 to 800 lbs., \$2.25 to \$2.75; stockers, 400 to 600 lbs., \$1.40 to \$2; bulls, 900 to 1,200 lbs., \$1.75 to \$3.

The prices of sheep and lambs were as follows:—Export ewes, \$4 to \$4.25; export bucks, \$2.50 to \$3 per cwt.; cull sheep, \$2 to \$3 each; lambs, \$5.25 to \$5.90 per cwt.

to operate it, due to sight and one to attend the breech, while the duties of the third are a secret depending upon the invention.

The shell fired has a muzzle velocity of five hundred metres (1,640 feet), a second and produces a whistling noise heard a mile and a half away.

So powerful is the force of the shot, it is said, that no ship of any navy would be able to withstand it. Although fired 480 times, the gun was apparently undamaged, whereas usually the life of a big cannon is five hundred shots.

A French military expert, discussing the new cannon, estimates that one hundred such cannon would adequately protect the entire coast of France. The cost of the cannon is said to be \$100,000 including its quota of projectiles.

TRIED TO SAVE HIS CASH

Winnipeg Real Estate Owner Burned to Death.

A Winnipeg despatch says: John Currie, an old resident of the city, was cremated in his house, which was destroyed by fire a few minutes after midnight, on Friday, and residents of adjoining buildings had narrow escapes from sharing his horrible fate. Probably only the fortunate discovery of the accident by a passing pedestrian, and the prompt action of neighbors, averted a holocaust of the people. The flames were eating into the other buildings when the brigade arrived. The buildings were of frame structure, close to Louise Bridge. When the brigade arrived a ghastly sight awaited them. The dead body of the old man lay near the door, where he had fallen when overcome in an effort to escape. The remains were burned to a crisp, and evidently he had sacrificed his life in attempting to save a cash-box, which was found under his head.

THE PROFITS OF WAR.

Krupps Make a Tremendous Sum on Their Year's Work.

A Berlin despatch says: The first balance sheet of the firm of Friedrich Krupp, Limited, just issued, shows a gross profit on the year's working of just five million dollars.

Rather more than half this sum goes to depreciation account, workmen's pension, and other funds, and the reserve fund, leaving \$2,200,000 to pay a dividend of six per cent. on the capital. The capital amounts to \$40,000,000 in 160,000 shares, 159,996 of which belong to Fraulein Bertha Krupp and four to as many high officials in the company.

Private telegrams from Essex state that the section for the manufacture of naval material is working at high pressure, large orders having been received by Krupps both from Russia and Japan for armor plates and gun barrels.

DISMANTLING DOCKYARD.

Furniture and Fittings at Halifax to be Sold by Auction.

A despatch from Halifax says: A sequel to the orders from the Admiralty to close the dockyard came on Thursday in instructions to sell at auction all the furniture in the dockyard, and also in the Admiralty house and the naval hospital. All ordinary naval medical and victualing stores of a perishable nature will be conveyed to the Gibraltar yard by transport. All the workmen who came from England, together with the members of their families, will go back on a transport, which will call for them. Seventy or eighty men have been retained to straighten things up, an effort having been made to retain all who could be utilized in this way, for the plight of many of the men in view of Sir John Fisher's summary action is a pitiable one.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Telegraphic Briefs From Our Own and Other Countries of Recent Events.

CANADA.

The dismantling of the fortifications at Esquimalt is in progress. London City Council placed itself on record in favor of giving women the municipal franchise.

Inspection of immigrants will probably be made more stringent as a result of a report by Dr. P. H. Bryce.

John W. Ward, C.P.R. agent at Hargrave, Man., was sent for trial on a charge of burning the station, recently.

The Dominion Commercial travelers' Association will ask the Government to set Thanksgiving Day on Monday instead of Thursday.

Deputy Minister of Agriculture McKellar, of Manitoba, has been exonerated of the charges of embezzlement made against him by Melvin Bartlett.

There was a decrease of 20 per cent. in German-Canadian trade last year. A decrease of \$3,500,000 on German sugar was caused by the removal of German bounties.

There is a net increase of 3,893 in the immigrant arrivals in Canada for the five months ending November 30, as compared with the same period of 1903. The arrivals from the United States were 16,610, and from Europe through ocean ports 34,318. For the same period of last year the immigrant arrivals from the United States were 17,871 and from Europe through ocean ports 28,615.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman advocates Government works for the relief of the unemployed in London.

Sir Percy Girouard has been appointed to the chief engineering command of the northeastern district of England.

The honor of Knighthood has been conferred upon J. W. Swan, the English inventor, and Chief Justice Worwood of Newfoundland.

The Times predicts that the Paris Commission will find that the Baltic fleet attack on North Sea trawlers was a blunder not altogether inexcusable.

UNITED STATES.

Seven miners were smothered at Garfield, Pa.

President W. H. Newman of the West Shore Railroad has been authorized to make the necessary contracts for the preliminary work of introducing electric motive power on that railroad.

United States Secretary of State Hay transmitted to the House a report on the best means of combating and treating tuberculosis and of averting its propagation in penal institutions of every kind. Dr. Ransom recommends Governmental supervision of penal institutions, sanitary and airy buildings and a revision of punishment and exercise rules.

GENERAL.

A storm on the northern coast of Portugal caused great loss of life.

CZAR IGNORES DEMANDS.

Agitation for Constitution and Assembly is Useless.

A St. Petersburg despatch says:—Emperor Nicholas formally notified the country on Thursday that the agitation for a constitution and the convocation of a national assembly is useless. Such is the construction placed upon the endorsement written in his own hand on the resolutions telegraphed by the Chamber of

NEW YEAR NUGGETS

The Wassall Bowl on New Year's Eve is of Saxon origin.

Good Parisians would think it almost a crime to leave Paris at the New Year.

French families always make a special point of being reunited at the New Year.

The Romans always make it a practice to appear in new clothing on New Year's Day.

The peasants of Italy hail the New Year by beating wildly on frying-pans and shovels.

The custom of making gifts at the New Year is supposed to have originated with the ancient Romans.

On New Year's Eve Chinese merchants pull down their old advertising posters and put up new ones.

Coreans are only allowed to fight on New Year's Day and during the first moon or month of the year.

In Greece, the father of a family, however poor, must give his wife and each child a New Year present of money.

Fires must not be allowed to go out on New Year's Day in the North of England, or the luck of the year will be bad.

In Persia, on New Year's Eve, huge bonfires are kindled, and the more active persons present leap over or through the flames.

Scotsmen regard the taking of money on New Year's Day as a very risky proceeding, even though it be in payment of a debt.

In Germany, if millet and herrings only be eaten on New Year's Day, it is believed that money will be plentiful all through the year.

In Japan, at the New Year, business generally is suspended, both private and public. The jinriksha coolie is the only man who works.

During the New Year festivities, Persian ladies (usually kept out of sight) are permitted to walk through the streets and public gardens.

On New Year's Eve the Chinese discharge quantities of squibs, crackers, and other noisy fireworks, the object being to frighten away evil spirits.

On the first of January, the French President receives some three or four thousand personages and exchanges salutations with each one of them.

In some parts of Europe, food and drink are put on a bench outside the house on New Year's Eve. This is to keep goblins from coming inside.

At the New Year, French parents bestow dowries on their children, brothers do the same on their sisters, and husbands make settlements on their wives.

Unless the first person who comes into the house after the advent of the New Year be black-haired, Scotsmen believe that bad luck will follow them during the year.

Chinese children and servants on New Year's Day have all to put on their best clothes and appear before the master and mistress of the house to congratulate them on the New Year.

On New Year's Day in Venice the upper classes are besieged for tips by porters, errand boys, and, in fact, every one of the lower classes to whom they have spoken throughout the year.

Middle-class Italians co-operate in a dinner on New Year's Day. Each person brings a dish sufficient for the number expected to be present, a meal of great variety being then enjoyed.

In the Middle Ages, gloves, oranges stuck with cloves, pins, ribbons, and among the wealthy, purses filled with

CO-OPERATION BENEFITS

IN THE PACKING AND MARKETING OF FRUIT.

Illustrations Showing Where Co-operation Is a Good Thing.

For the past three years the Fruit Division, Ottawa, has been earnestly advocating co-operation among fruit growers, not only in marketing their products, but in many other ways as well. It has been pointed out that beginners might co-operate to buy the trees best suited to their district at the lowest price; that uniform methods of orchard management might be adopted in order to ensure a uniform quality of fruit; that effective and systematic spraying might be secured by means of power outfits, serving a neighborhood in the same manner as the threshing machine; that cheaper supplies, such as implements, chemicals for spraying, and packages for shipping, might be obtained; and that by putting up co-operative packing houses at proper centres, uniform grading and packing, with consequent easier sale at better prices, might be secured. This season apple buyers have not been competing as usual for the farmer's crop, and the prices offered for apples have been unusually low. A good many farmers have not been able to sell their apples at all, and in consequence they are more or less disgusted with the fruit outlook. They have learned by bitter experience that it will not do to depend on the travelling buyer. They must co-operate in the packing and marketing of their apples if they desire to be reasonably sure of a fair return from their orchards.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEM. of marketing has proved a great success in connection with the California fruit crop, the Texas tomato crop, and in many other cases in the United States. It is rapidly gaining ground in Canada, and the practical results of its operation at several Ontario points, are worthy of consideration by every orchardist. The Walkerton association, which started in a small way three years ago, established this season a central co-operative packing house. To this central point the members brought their apples in barrels which had been purchased through the organization. The apples were delivered in hayracks, the bottoms of which were well covered with hay, or in spring wagons, and any found unfit for packing were returned. The various lots were not kept separate, but all the apples were graded as they came in and the proceeds were divided among the members according to the quantity of each grade they supplied. The expense of packing was from ten to fifteen cents a barrel, which was less than the cost of packing in the orchard. This year eight cars of fruit were sold, including soft apples like Duchess and Astrachan, and for the entire lot prices ranged from \$1.75 to \$2.20 a barrel on board cars at Walkerton. The cost of barrels, packing, etc., had to be deducted from this, but without co-operation the apples would have been left to rot on the ground.

The Forest association was organized last spring and has a membership of about one hundred. This fall thirty-eight cars of apples were shipped to the West and realized an average of \$1.90 for No. 1 and \$1.55 for No. 2, on board cars at Forest. The apples shipped were mostly Baldwins, Kings and Greenings, but included all marketable varieties. The association appointed its own salesmen to handle the fruit in the West. At first shipping from the orchards was tried, but it was soon found advisable to have two central packing houses. Instead of buying barrels the association bought the stock and had them made up, at a cost of about twenty-eight to thirty cents, as compared with forty-five cents

NEW YEAR RESOLVES

Some facetious individual has defined New Year's day as "a time when men make good resolutions in the confidence of breaking them as soon as possible." But he has much to learn to his own profit who sneers at good resolutions because some men break them. To resolve to do right does not mean necessarily that one will keep the promise, but such purpose, whether outwardly expressed or inwardly understood is proof that the individual is conscious of abiding sin of some sort.

It is the self-righteous individual who is in danger. Good resolutions are born of repentance; and repentance when genuine is a cardinal virtue. The self-righteous fellow does not resolve to do better because his vanity tells him there is nothing wrong in his makeup. He may go along committing blunders every day and doing no end of mischief. Such a fellow is beyond redemption. Like Ephraim of old, he is joined to his idols and should be left alone.

Doubtless there are many thoughtless and some insincere good resolves made on New Year's day. Nevertheless it is a good thing that many men do begin the new year with resolves to strive after what is higher and better. It is a marked and glorified improvement upon the custom once so general but now, thank God, obsolete, of men going from house to house paying calls and guzzling wine or stronger drink until before the round was completed they were hopelessly drunken.

It is a great deal better for a man to resolve a hundred times and fail in each resolve than to go along contented with his lot of sin and shame. There is hope for a man just as long as there abides in him desire for what is better. It is well to enter into argument with one's self only after due deliberation, but a broken pledge to do right is far better than no pledge at all.

There is nothing strange in association of good resolves with the dawn of a new year. On the contrary, the occasion is one that suggests just such a general practice. The old year has ended. Its memories suggest "sins committed while conscience slept," practices that degraded the moral man, follies that brought shame and vices that weakened body and brain. But memory is not all. Body and mind tell the sensible man that such practices end in physical wreck and moral decay.

The year is new and clean. The sun, just risen, looks upon it for the first time. Men of business close up their pages for the year ended and begin new and fresh ones for the new year that has dawned. They figure out accurately their losses and their gains in the old year, subtracting one from the other.

As the merchant begins his year anew, why may not the moral nature of a man be renewed if the memories of the past year and the physical shortcomings of the present suggest the need of a striving after what is higher and better?

That the practice has been abused is no argument against its use. That some men have made good resolutions only to break them is not evidence that reform is impossible. Striving after what is right is God-like. One may raise his standard so high as not to be able to attain it, but there is virtue in every attempt to make better one's life. Indeed one may find at the closing of a long life that he has tried but to fail, and yet his very efforts to do right will be counted to him for righteousness.

The objection is, if it can be called an objection, that men are too much influenced by special occasions for special efforts. There is no more vir-

Agitation for Constitution and Assembly is Useless.

A St. Petersburg despatch says:—Emperor Nicholas formally notified the country on Thursday that the agitation for a constitution and the convocation of a national assembly is useless. Such is the construction placed upon the endorsement written in his own hand on the resolutions telegraphed by the Chernigov Zemstvo, Dec. 20, begging his Majesty in the most loyal manner to convoke legally-elected members of the Zemstvos to present a programme of reforms for his consideration. His Majesty wrote on the despatch:—"I consider the action of the President to be presumptuous and tactless. Questions of State administration are of no concern to the Zemstvos, whose functions and rights are clearly defined by the law."

The endorsement is printed in the Official Messenger on Thursday morning, dashing the hopes of the extremists.

BRITAIN IN CENTRAL ASIA

Lord Curzon Demonstrates Far-sighted Power.

A London despatch says:—Great Britain's designs in Central Asia are being pushed with vigor and adroitness. The Afghan mission has met with no obstacle at Cabul, and the Ameer has selected, with greatest care, the officers who accompany the Sirdar on the visit to the Viceroy to settle the final conditions regarding the frontier. Habibullah has testified to his confidence in the British by stipulating to accept and observe all terms to which his son agrees.

While progress is reported from Cabul, the British agents in Arabia are laying plans for a great coup. This is nothing less than the acquisition of Sheikh-Said, which in Britain's hands, could be converted easily into a Gibraltar on the route to India. Lord Lansdowne has had the scheme fully presented to him—probably during Lord Curzon's recent visit to London—and is discussing it with the Porte.

Juan Dupuy, uncovering the project in the Petit Parisien, says that London aims to dismember the Ottoman states in Arabia and to bring them into vassalage to a new authority, either Egypt or, more likely, British India.

British enterprise in that part of the world is traceable to the far-sighted Curzon. The Sultan and the Shah are alarmed at the prospects.

RABIES DUE TO FEAR.

Chicago Man Died of the Disease He Feared.

A Chicago despatch says:—Fred Johnson, 32 years old, is dead of hydrophobia, although he declared he never had been bitten by a mad dog. He became ill last Sunday and some time before his death attacked his wife and two small children. Then he was fastened to save the family from injury during his attacks of frenzy. Johnson owned a pet dog which last July was bitten by a rabid dog, and the man constantly worried over the matter. Finally a policeman killed the pet. A physician diagnosed Johnson's case and declared the man contracted rabies because he constantly was fearing hydrophobia.

TRAINS MET IN A FOG.

Many Killed and Injured in French Railway Wreck.

A Paris despatch says: During a dense fog, which completely disorganized traffic, the London-Boulogne express ran into the Lille express outside the North Station, on Friday, smashing the last carriage of the Lille express. Six corpses have been recovered, and it is feared that more are under the engine. A score of wounded have been taken to hospitals. All the victims are French.

every one of the lower classes to whom they have spoken throughout the year.

Middle-class Italians co-operate in a dinner on New Year's Day. Each person brings a dish sufficient for the number expected to be present, a meal of great variety being then enjoyed.

In the Middle Ages, gloves, oranges stuck with cloves, pins, ribbons, and among the wealthy, purses filled with new coins, pieces of plate, and bales of silk or velvet, were common New Year gifts.

In the Isle of Man, the person who first sweeps the floor on New Year's morning must brush the dust from the door to the hearth, instead of the other way, as customary. By sweeping towards the door, the luck of the year would be swept out.

Tipping becomes very expensive to Greek gentlemen of high rank at the New Year. They are expected then to visit all their friends, to all the servants of whom a piece of money must be given. This is repeated at every house they visit.

At the New Year, the Japanese make presents to their friends, mostly in the shape of food. Boxes of eggs are in favor, also a kind of sponge cake. No offence is given if the recipient passes on to his friends some of the gifts sent to him.

In honor of the New Year, Japanese dwellings are swept, purified, and decorated, imaginary evil spirits being ejected by the force of handfuls of beans, which are showered through open doors. A rope of straw is afterwards fastened round the dwellings to ward off the approach of evil.

At Seoul, in Corea, the men celebrate the advent of the New Year by a battle with stones. The combatants start some distance from each other, hurling stones all the time. When they reach close quarters, knives and clubs are freely used. The clang of the city bell tells when the fight must cease.

CANADA'S GREAT EXHIBIT.

President of Fair Sends Letter of Congratulation.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Commissioner Hutchinson, previous to leaving St. Louis, wrote to the management of the St. Louis Purchase Exposition, thanking them for their unvarying courtesy to the Canadian staff. Mr. Hutchinson has received the following reply from President Francis:—

"It is a source of gratification to the Exposition management to know that you and your colleagues are satisfied with its conduct of affairs, and we earnestly hope that the fruits of your labors will prove all that could be desired. I wish particularly to congratulate you upon the magnificent showing made by Canada under your supervision, and I am confident that the Dominion will profit by its very handsome representation at St. Louis this year. The comprehensive nature and splendid character of your exhibits have attracted widespread attention and unwavering admiration, and the very attractive pavilion used as your headquarters has been a favorite gathering place for not only Canadians, but the people of all nationalities."

WANDERER IN THE WOODS.

Man Found at "Soo" Crazy by Cold and Hunger.

A despatch from Sault Ste. Marie says: On Wednesday a man was found wandering in the woods about three miles from here in a crazed condition through suffering from cold and hunger. His name is supposed to be Griggs, but nothing can be learned as to where he came from or who his relatives are. About a year ago he went into the woods 25 miles, and built a log cabin, and lived on what he could kill and dig from the ground. He was taken to the hospital, but is as yet unable to tell his story on account of his sufferings. He seems to be a man of mystery.

including all marketable varieties. The association appointed its own salesmen to handle the fruit in the West. At first shipping from the orchards was tried, but it was soon found advisable to have two central packing houses. Instead of buying barrels the association bought the stock and had them made up, at a cost of about twenty-eight to thirty cents, as compared with forty-five cents.

CHARGED BY COOPERS.

The railroad and steamship companies have been found much readier than formerly to give proper transportation facilities, and the results generally have been satisfactory to members. The cost of packing was about fourteen cents per barrel, but about six cents of this was made up by the sale of culls, all of which sent to the evaporator.

The St. Catharines co-operative association shipped during the past year 400 cars of tender fruit and apples. Members in one township bought a power sprayer for co-operative use. All their baskets, Paris green and bluestone were purchased in the same way and at a considerable saving.

One of the pioneer co-operative associations of Ontario is that at Chatham, which has been in operation for seven years. The practical benefits have been very much in evidence there as elsewhere. This season forty-three cars of fruit were shipped to the west by the above organization.

These are by no means all the co-operative fruit associations, but the results achieved go to show that where farmers grapple intelligently with the problem of packing and marketing their fruit, there is no need for it to go to waste, and a fair profit may usually be secured.

YOUNG MURDERER DEAD.

15-Year-old Boy Sentenced to Death Cheats Gallows.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—The Department of Justice has been advised that John Kay, the 15-year-old waif of New Westminster, B.C., sentenced to be hanged on Jan. 13, has cheated the gallows by dying in prison. The case of young Kay aroused considerable interest, because since his sentence he has been wasting away in prison with tuberculosis. The provincial authorities from the outset feared he would not live to pay the penalty of his crime.

His offence, for which he was sentenced to death, was the murder of a native hunter, whom he killed to get his pistol and rifle. The hunter lived in a cabin in the vicinity of Vancouver and was a companion of the desperate youth Kay. His death has relieved the authorities of serious responsibility, as they had to decide whether the condemned youth was to be carried from his sick bed to the gallows.

STARVING BEARS.

Are Invading Eastern Siberia by Hundreds.

A despatch from San Francisco says:—Captain Thwing, of the steamer Harold Dollar, which has returned from the eastern coast of Siberia, tells of an invasion of the cities and villages of the Kamtschatka Peninsula by hundreds of starving Siberian bears. The ferocious animals, driven from the mountains by hunger, made their way to the inhabited regions of the coast, and for days kept the natives in a state of semi-fear. In Usakamchatka, a small town near the City of Petropavlovsk, 150 of the savage brutes were shot in a single day, as they roamed among the houses in search of food.

DID WELL IN THE WEST.

Hans Neilson, a Dane, Made \$20,000 Farming.

A despatch from Winnipeg says:—Hans Neilson, a Danish immigrant, arrived here about ten years ago with ten cents. He left for Europe on Wednesday with a fortune of \$20,000, all made off a farm near Waskada.

Striving after what is right is God-like. One may raise his standard so high as not to be able to attain it, but there is virtue in every attempt to make better one's life. Indeed one may find at the closing of a long life that he has tried but to fail, and yet his very efforts to do right will be counted to him for righteousness.

The objection is, if it can be called an objection, that men are too much influenced by special occasions for special efforts. There is no more virtue in New Year's Day than there is in All Fool's Day. It would seem foolishness to wait for any such time or season for a starting period in right living. The present is the time for action, and one day is as good as another in the sight of God, as well as of men.

But the man who has put off the day of resolves to be good until the dawn of the new year will strengthen himself and work righteousness by starting out clean with the year. He will only hurt himself by devoting too much time to resolving. What he most needs is to avoid the pitfalls and snares which formerly overcame him. He has need to change resolves into action. It is his duty to retrospect in order to know himself. Each conquest of self is added strength for future victories.

Happy indeed is that New Year's for the man who, having resolved in its dawn to do right, finds at its gloaming that he has been true to his promises.

BOG SLIDE IN IRELAND.

Farm Houses Inundated by Moving Marsh.

A despatch from Dublin says:—A calamity is reported from Castle-reagh, Roscommon County, west of Ireland, in which much property has been destroyed and many lives were placed in danger. The bog at Cloonshiever suddenly began to move during the night, and in less than an hour covered an area of three-quarters of a mile which had hitherto been dry ground. All the farmhouses in the path of the slide were submerged and the occupants had to flee for their lives, leaving all their belongings behind them. A committee is forming for the relief of the sufferers, whose poverty is described as appalling.

RECORD TRACK-LAYING.

Rails Placed on 480 Miles in Two Months.

A despatch from Montreal says:—The biggest construction feat ever accomplished by a railway in Canada has just been completed by the C. P. R. in laying 480 miles of track in less than two months. The occasion of the feat was brought about by the action of the Dominion Government in bringing in a duty on steel rails brought into the country after Nov. 30, or that were not laid before February 28.

WHEAT IN ANTIPODES.

Australia's Yield Shows Increase of 1,360,000 Bushels.

A despatch from Adelaide, South Australia, says:—The estimated wheat yield in South Australia this year is 11,575,000 bushels, an increase of 1,360,000, compared with last year.

BIG OIL PROPERTY DEAL.

275 Acres of Property in Petrolia Sold.

A Petrolia, Ont., despatch says: One of the biggest oil property deals put through here for some time was negotiated on Friday, when Messrs. Dr. J. E. Wilkinson and John McCart sold their entire interests in the 275 acres of oil property to New York capitalists.

Ayer's

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could possibly be better."

JACOB SHULL, Saratoga, Ind.

25c., 50c., \$1.00.

All druggists.

J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Throat, Lungs

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

The Napanee Express

E. J. POLLARD.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 50 per line for each insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the rate will be 100 per line each insertion.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.

Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents.

Fleet Street, London, E. C., England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

CHANGE OF CLUB RATES.

On and after 1st December, 1903, the following will be the Club Rates:

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Montreal Weekly Herald....	\$1.00
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Weekly Globe.....	\$1.50
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Family Herald and Weekly Star.....	\$1.65
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Semi-Weekly Whig.....	\$1.65
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Weekly Witness.....	\$1.50
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Weekly Sun.....	\$1.65
Any three of the above papers.....	\$2.40
THE NAPANEE EXPRESS and the Daily Toronto Star.....	\$1.80

Judge MacLennan said in delivering his judgement in re Lennox election, "On charge No 43 which was one of bribery of F. W. Parkinson by James A. Wilson (son of Uriah) by the payment of one dollar to vote for the respondent, I was of the opinion at the close of the argument upon the case that the charge ought to be regarded as proved."

In speaking of one of the personal charges against Mr. Carscallen the learned judge continues "The personal charge of bribing one Whisken a caretaker at the town hall, the village of Bath I was of opinion after the argument that the charge was established. The witness Whisken gave

with a copy of that speech of his. He pounded his desk when Gamey delivered those elevating speeches about the judges of the high court. We are of opinion that there are several gentlemen around Napanee who could be relied upon to do this class of legislative work for \$1.25 a day. When Mr. Madole is sent to Toronto he can be depended upon to give the country the benefit of his views. Mr. Madole also favors a reduction in the sessional indemnity. Let us send to Toronto a man who can make the wants of his constituents known, and who is prepared to apply the pruning knife upon the right branches.

Oh that trunk! That awful trunk! It appears that one must be very careful how he says anything about that trunk. It may get him into trouble. It is said that a member of parliament in the Congo Free State or the Figi Islands, we don't remember which, had a trunk. It was a dear old trunk. A cowhide trunk with hair all over it and nice big brass headed nails in it. He dearly loved that trunk because it guarded some precious secrets. Nellacsrac was the unpronounceable name of this naughty and naughty member. One day when he was going down the main thoroughfare of his native village he met a venerable clergyman and as an election was near at hand their conversation naturally turned upon the political questions of the day. The unoffending clergyman unfortunately made some reference to a chest or trunk. This aroused the anger of Nellacsrac. History records the fact that he got red in the face. He called the clergyman naughty names, and some say he actually did use a very bad word, the same word that bad men sometimes use when they strike their thumb nail with a hammer by mistake. Of course nothing like this could happen in Napanee. In this country where we are making a desperate effort to purify our politics we all have respect for the grey headed veterans whom we meet upon our streets and no matter what their age we esteem and respect the ministers of the gospel, yet it is just as well to be careful and no matter what the provocation may be, don't say anything about trunks or we might witness a scene like that in the heathen land.

Mr. Whitney has come and gone! There was a great deal of fire and brimstone! Oh those awful grits! Really Mr. Whitney we congratulate ourselves that you have spared us to eat another Xmas dinner with our families and that you have permitted us to hope that we will again listen to the chimes of a glad New Year. We were in fear and trembling that you would let loose those dogs of war of yours, and lynch us on the spot. You are very kind Mr. Whitney to allow us to breathe God's pure air outside the prison walls. Is it true that you are going to revive the guillotine and whipping post after the 25th of January? Won't you spare any of the horrible grits?

"Conspirators" "Perjurors" "Pluggers" Ballot-box stuffers!" Didn't the liberals catch it though? It is hard to think that half the population of Lennox belongs to the criminal class. It appears so strange that there are no redeeming features about the liberal party, most of us had been taught that there were a few decent people among them. We had also gathered the impression that sometimes a conservative went astray. We had even learned by reading the reports of election trials, that two conservatives were unseated for corrupt practices where one liberal was un-

REMOVAL

Before removing from East Ward Store I have decided to have a Great Removal Sale of Japanese Goods and Fancy Goods in the Japan be a rare chance to get

VASES, JARDINIERS, TEA SETS, SALAD SETS AND SAUCERS, FERN POTS, BO

All the highest quality goods at COS

Buy a New Year's Present

This is a chance that will not occur This Sale will begin on

FRIDAY, DECEMBER

and will positively end on

Saturday, 7th January

If you miss these bargains you will miss the sale is at THE JAPANESE STORE

A. E. P.

Indigestion Can't Stay where Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are arrayed against it. Thomas Smith, of Dover, Ont. says: "I am delighted with them—from almost the first using I have been entirely relieved of the pains of indigestion—I have the greatest confidence in the Tablets and heartily recommend to any and every sufferer from stomach troubles."—112 Sold by F. L. Hooper.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Why the Festival Is Celebrated on Dec. 25.

There are no definite allusions in the writings of any of the disciples of Christ as to the date of his birth, nor has there ever been produced proof of any character as to the exact period in the year when Christ was born. There are, very true, occasional references to the event in the Scriptures, indicating that the Nativity occurred in the winter season.

The institution of the anniversary dates back to the second century of Christendom, and it has been since uniformly celebrated by nearly all branches of the Christian church with

Muscular Rheumatism, produced by exposure, if neglected, develops into the chronic form with almost incredible rapidity. South American Rheumatic Cure is quick-acting, safe, simple, and harmless cure, acts directly on the system, not a liniment to temporarily deaden pain. An internal treatment that will absolutely cure most acute forms in from one to three days.—114 Sold by F. L. Hooper.

A MOMENTOUS MISSION

EVIDENCE OF THE UNSEEN ONLY BASIS OF MUCH KNOWLEDGE.

THE GREAT MODERN BATTLE

Claims of Infidelity and Christianity Considered in a Manner Which the Unbiased Searcher After Truth Will Gladly Welcome—Mass of Evidence, Direct and Collateral, Overwhelmingly in Favor of the Latter.

In speaking of one of the personal charges against Mr. Carscallen the learned judge continues "The personal charge of bribing one Whiskey a caretaker at the town hall, the village of Bath I was of opinion after the argument that the charge was established. The witness Whiskey gave me the impression of perfect candor and truthfulness". Speaking of Mr. Carscallen's evidence the learned judge says "I find it impossible to give credence to the account which he gives of the transaction in question contradicting the evidence of Whiskey". The learned judge declined to believe "the extraordinary account he gave of the sum of \$500 received by him from the Conservative Association and the two sums of \$100 each received by him from Alexander Carscallen and Uriah Wilson respectively". No wonder Thomas doesn't like to hear about that trunk.

It is estimated that Mr. Carscallen spent thirty two working days in attendance at the legislative assembly during the last session. We won't say anything about the railway passes and other perquisites of his office as a member, but he was paid in good Canadian money \$1000 for his service, or a little over \$31 a day. What did he do? We have never been favored

party, most of us had heard that there were a few decent people among them. We had also gathered the impression that sometimes a conservative went astray. We had even learned by reading the reports of election trials, that two conservatives were unseated for corrupt practices where one liberal was unseated. Many of the residents of Lennox can remember that conservative candidates have been known to have so much money for election purposes that they would stow it away in old trunks. People have sat in the court house at Nanawee and wagged their heads when they listened to the evidence at the trials. Isn't it about time Mr. Whitney stopped this nonsense? The people of Lennox are neither fools nor idiots. Some extreme partisans may be found who will applaud this sort of rubbish. There are some people, ignorant we admit, who are incapable of arguing the public questions of the day and content themselves with calling their opponents names and picturing their own political friends as angels. Where one's political opponents have erred it is quite proper to condemn it, but such condemnation loses all its might when he who utters it is so wilfully blind that he cannot see the errors of his own friends. His own course marks him as a hypocrite. If people are sincere in their efforts to purify our politics they will recognise impunity wherever it is seen. One has no right to complain of the dirt upon his neighbor's face when his own is besmeared with dirt. If Mr. Whitney had told us what he has ever done to establish his claim to the premiership it would have been more to the point. If he had screeched less about the imaginary sins of the liberal party and had devoted some time in reproving some of the corruption which he knows exists in his own party, in this very riding, we might have thought he was sincere for once in his life, but no, it was the same stale trash that he has been dealing in for years. People are asking what is Whitney's policy? No one ever knew or ever will know from his speeches. He is out of office. He is hungry. He is surrounded by a horde of hungry politicians thirsting for the blood of the liberal office holder. It makes him mad, blindly mad to think the doors have been so long closed against him. So blinded with rage is he, that he cannot see the needs of his country. He can only rant out and call his opponents bad names. This crude substitute for argument is applauded by a few who are equally blind or too ignorant to know better. The honest thinking voter calls for something more substantial. He realizes that the affairs of the province would not be safe in such incompetent hands.

Convinced by Printer testimony of the hundreds of the cured, Mrs. Benz, of 418 E. 8th street, New York, who was for two years a great sufferer from Catarrh produced two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and it effected an absolute cure in a very short while. One puff through the blowers will clear the head and stop headache. 50 cts.—113. Sold by F. L. Hooper.

Having trouble with your lantern globes breaking? You can get one at WALLACE'S that heat can't break.

Famous J. Rodgers silverware, the best goods on the market from our own personal test. F. CHINNECK'S.

The store of quality.

3 cakes Oatmeal Soap, 10c at WALLACE'S Drug Store

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought

Wm. H. Hatcher

are, very true, occasional references to the event in the Scriptures, indicating that the Nativity occurred in the winter season.

The institution of the anniversary dates back to the second century of Christendom, and it has been since uniformly celebrated by nearly all branches of the Christian church with appropriate rejoicings and ceremonies. The frequent and somewhat heated controversies, however, relative to the date of Christ's birth early in the fourth century led Pope Julius I. to order a thorough investigation of the subject by the learned theologians and historians of that period, which resulted in an agreement upon Dec. 25, and that decision seemed to have so settled all disputes that that date was universally accepted except by the Greek church. While this date was never changed, the reckoning of it is made according to the Gregorian calendar, which was adopted in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and upon which computations of time in nearly all civilized nations have since rested.

Cosmic Horror.

The two infinities of Kant did not chill or hurt him, but his fearlessness is shared by few. Only for a short instant, at best, will most persons consent to look open eyed at any clear image of fate or of infinity. Scarcely a friend of mine will look steadily at the clear midnight sky for a minute in silence. The freezing of the heart follows; the appalling shudder at the dread contemplation of infinity, which may be called cosmic horror, is more than can be endured. If those stars are absolutely and positively infinite then there is no up or down, and they knew no beginning, will have no ending. With any such staring gorgon of fatalism the surcharged attention is shaken, and the chemistry of common life seizes upon the liquid crystals with avid hunger.—George M. Gould, M. D..



Will be paid by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., if they cannot show the original signature of the individual volunteering the testimonial below, and also of the writers of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing, thus proving their genuineness.

"For about two years I suffered from a very obstinate case of dyspepsia," writes R. E. Secord, Esq., of 13 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ontario. "I tried a great number of remedies without success. I finally lost faith in them all. I was so far gone that I could not for a long time bear any solid food in my stomach; felt melancholy and depressed. Some four months ago a friend recommended your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' After a week's treatment I had derived so much benefit that I continued the medicine. I have taken three bottles and am convinced it has in my case accomplished a permanent cure. I can conscientiously recommend it to the thousands of dyspeptics throughout the land."

A man can succeed and be strong if he heeds Nature's warnings. When there is indigestion, loss of appetite, ringing in the ears, dizziness, spots before the eyes or palpitation of the heart; or any or all of these symptoms point to weakness and loss of nutrition. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the medicine to turn to.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. It is strictly a temperance medicine.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach.

The "Common Sense Medical Adviser," 1008 pages, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Claims of Infidelity and Christianity Considered in a Manner Which the Un-biased Searcher After Truth Will Gladly Welcome—Mass of Evidence, Direct and Collateral, Overwhelmingly in Favor of the Latter.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Bailly, of Toronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 27.—In the great battle that is being waged between infidelity and Christianity this sermon introduces a mass of evidence, direct and collateral, which the unbiased searcher after truth will gladly welcome. The text is Hebrews xi, 1, "Faith is the evidence of things not seen."

What is evidence? Testimony, proof, demonstration. It is a statement of facts made in court by a witness, by which a juror is led to believe something that his eyes have not seen nor his ears heard. It is the alibi by which a man proves that he could not have been on the scene of a crime. It is the proof which a wrongly evicted owner produces of his right and title to an inheritance. It is an argument from admitted and existing facts to prove the operation of causes remote in time. It is the means by which truth defends itself against the onslaught of error and the weapon with which it overthrows the fortresses of superstition and false doctrine.

Evidence of the unseen has a momentous mission. For the greater number of us it is the only basis we have for our knowledge. If we were

Typewriting and Shorthand.

Nothing is more important in the business world than knowledge of typewriting and shorthand. A proficient stenographer and typewriter is always in demand, and many a man or woman attributes his or her business success to the start secured in this way.

This department is conducted by an expert.

The Picton Business College also gives courses in Book-keeping and Telegraphy—each course being taught by one experienced in business. Pupils may start any time. Individual instruction. Write for catalogue and particulars to JNO. R. SAYERS, Principle and Proprietor,

Picton Business College, Picton, Ont.

ON THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE RESTORED TO HEALTH BY A Wonderful Curative Liquid.

Composed of Healing gums, Balsams, Barks, Etc. This Compound is called the

O. R. KIDNEY CURE

Miss Emma Monroe, Trenton, Ont., says: "I suffered for a long time with nervousness and back-ache. I then got a distressing hacking cough, lost flesh, and felt very miserable every day."

I consulted two doctors; both said I had quick consumption and could only live a few weeks. A friend, who had used O. R. KIDNEY CURE, said she believed my trouble was due to weak kidneys. I commenced its use; and, before I had finished six bottles, I felt like a new girl. That was two years ago, and to-day I am perfectly well and happy.

O. R. KIDNEY CURE is sold by all druggists, 50c. a bottle; or write to

THE O. R. MEDICINE CO., Limited, 2 Queen St. East, TORONTO, ONT.



THE above picture of the man and fish is the trademark of Scott's Emulsion, and is the synonym for strength and purity. It is sold in almost all the civilized countries of the globe.

If the cod fish became extinct it would be a world-wide calamity, because the oil that comes from its liver surpasses all other fats in nourishing and life-giving properties. Thirty years ago the proprietors of Scott's Emulsion found a way of preparing cod liver oil so that everyone can take it and get the full value of the oil without the objectionable taste. Scott's Emulsion is the best thing in the world for weak, backward children, thin, delicate people, and all conditions of wasting and lost strength.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS TORONTO, ONT.

50c. and \$1.00. All druggists.

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Sale of all the Elegant
panese Store. This will

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OST PRICE

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l on

try, 1905.

l regret it. Remember
RE.

PAUL.

by the side of the sea is less than in any other place. I believe that there exists such a city as London," once wrote a great Bible commentator, in reference to my text. I know that such a place as St. Petersburg exists, although I have not seen it. Why? I am convinced by the testimony of those who have seen it. The "evidence of things not seen" has proved to me that it exists. I have read books written about the city of St. Petersburg. I have seen pictures of the great buildings of that Russian capital, its cathedrals, its royal palaces, its memorial halls on its magnificent boulevards. I have heard my friends, who have traveled among the Muscovites, describe its bridges and its citadels. Why should I then doubt St. Petersburg exists, although my eyes have never seen it? For days and weeks the old North American Indians could follow their foes by the tracks left upon the ground by the enemy. They could tell by these tracks how many men

hills of Palestine," once wrote David Gregg in a book for which authorship he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society of London. "You will forever have to grind out of sight the sacred hills of Palestine, where Christ was tempted, and where he preached his wonderful sermon, and where he was transfigured, and where he died, and where he ascended. God be praised for the gospel according to geography! God be praised for the Holy Land, with its Jordan and Bethlehem and Hermon and Zion and Calvary and Olivet! These are all indestructible pages of the divine and indestructible book. These are all witnesses that Christ has spoken to men and lived among men and wrought out salvation for man." Christ was a God. Yes, Christ was a man! By the evidence of the pages of rock I know it!

But we find Christ as the "evidence of things not seen" in another way. By the fulfillment of Scripture prophecies in reference to his birth, his life, his death and his resurrection we know that the prophecies of his second coming will be fulfilled as well as was his first coming. We know there will come a time when, upon the white horse of victory, Christ shall ride down the blue hillsides of heaven. He shall come to put all his enemies under his feet. He shall come to claim his own. For then his name shall be written, "Kings of kings and Lord of Lords." We know by the words of his own lips that as he has gone to heaven for a little while to prepare a place for his children, so he will come again and receive them unto himself, that where he is there they may be also.

The prophetic studies of the Bible are among the most instructive and fascinating of all the Scriptures. But in order to limit our studies let us confine our thoughts for but a brief moment to the wonderful birth and life and death of Jesus Christ. No rational man can read the fulfilled prophecies in reference to the birth of Jesus and not declare that his nativity was divine. Supposing I should come to you some day and say: "Mrs. So-and-so, that little child of yours is going to have a wonderful history. When he gets to be eighteen years of age he is going to the Far East and will settle in one of the Pacific islands. Then he is going to be elected ruler over that island, and the people are going to obey him as their ruler and their king. Then he is going to marry and have children, and his children will have children. His descendants are going to reign in that island for hundreds of years. Then one of his descendants hundreds of years from now is going to visit London, and while there he is going to have a child born in the outskirts of London, in the suburb of Chelsea. Then that child is to stay in England and grow up and become a leader of the people until at last the King of England will become jealous of him, and he will be hanged in the Tower of London."

Suppose I should ramble on in a long rignarole like that in reference to your baby, what would you say? Why, you would look at me askance and then say: "You are crazy! No uninspired man can look into the future and tell what is going to happen to my descendants thousands of years from now. A crank or a fool might happen for once to declare aright, that it will snow in Canada in July—as one weather prophet did a few years ago. But to declare what is to happen a thousand years from now, that is beyond all range of human possibilities." Yet the astounding statement that I made a few moments ago in reference to a little child is not nearly as wonderful and seemingly absurd from a human standpoint as those Messianic prophecies which were not made by one, but by many writers of the Old Testament in reference to the birth, the life, the death and the resurrection

I BELIEVE Red Rose Tea

is the best tea in Canada, and

I KNOW

that a great many people who drink it say it is the best tea they ever used.

It is however easy to make statements about what we believe. I think it is better to give definite, positive reasons why an article is believed to be the best, and if any article has real merit, it should be easy to give convincing reasons.

This is just what I propose to do. In the successive issues of this paper I will publish a number of facts and reasons why I believe Red Rose Tea is the best tea in Canada, and why you should use it.

The reasons will be interesting and educative about tea—well worth reading.

Before you read many, I think you will want to try the tea and if you buy a pound, the tea itself will do the rest.

T. H. ESTABROOKS,
St. John, N.B. Toronto Winnipeg.

Removed the Growth.

DOUGLAS & CO., NAPANEE, ONT.

DEAR SIRS,—During year 1890-91 I was troubled with a large lump growing on the right side of my neck near the ear. Had consulted several physicians and used everything I could hear of, all to no use. Was told to use

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment.

I did, and before I had used half a twenty-five cent bottle was permanently cured. Since then I have used it for everything where outward application is required; am yet to learn of anything in reason that I cannot cure with it. No man has any idea of its value until he has used it; would not be without it under any circumstance

Respectfully yours,

my friends, who have traveled among the Muscovites, describe its bridges and its citadels. Why should I then doubt St. Petersburg exists, although my eyes have never seen it?

For days and weeks the old North American Indians could follow their foes by the tracks left upon the ground by the enemy. They could tell by those tracks how many men, how many women, how many children, how many horses and how many wagons and cattle composed the party ahead. They could unerringly read all these facts by the "evidence of things not seen." In the same way in which the Indian warriors of old followed their enemies by visible signs we may find the "footprints of the Man of Galilee" not only in Palestine, but also in all sacred history. We may prove by the same process that Jesus is not a mere vision and that our gospel faith is not merely a poetic dream. They are far more than these. Our faith is rational. It is founded upon the conclusive "evidence of things not seen."

First, our faith is rational. Its geographical foundation stones are strong and true and well anchored. I not only find "the footprints of the Man of Galilee" visible all through Palestine, but, as Dr. Thomson once wrote, I find the land and the book are one. I find, by going among the holy hills, that Jesus was not a mythical character, living among mythical people in a mythical age. Christ was God; Christ was also a man. He lived, he breathed, he walked, he slept, he ate, among those Hebrew people of the east as one of themselves. We find the place of his birth. We can find the places where he passed his boyhood, where he went as a man, where he died, where he was resurrected and the hill from which he ascended.

The land and the book are one. The personality of Jesus Christ, in the first place, has a true, a vitally true, geographical setting. No Bible student ever walked the Judean Hills with eyes truly opened to the divine truth that he did not have his belief in Jesus Christ irrevocably sealed and infinitely strengthened by the conformation of eastern customs and geographical facts with the recorded biographies of Christ's life. Henry A. Harper, the great archaeologist, the author of that marvelous book entitled "The Bible and Modern Discoveries," presses home this statement upon his readers in a powerful way. I might go on and quote scores of testimonies just like Dr. Harper's in reference to the harmonies of the Christ life with the geographical facts and the Hebrew customs of the Palestine hills.

Studying to-day the "evidence of the things not seen" in reference to Jesus Christ, is there nothing rational, nothing overwhelming, to you in the harmony between the opened leaves of eastern rocks and the biographies of the four gospels? Is there nothing marvelous to you in the fact that there is not a detail in all Christ's earthly life which cannot be verified by the rocks of the Palestine hills and valleys, which are absolutely in accord with one another? The men who wrote the Bible were not historical novelists like the author of the "Tower of London" or of "Kenilworth" or of "Romola" or of "The Crisis." They did not accept historical facts when they wanted to use them for the benefit of their plots and reject those facts when it did not suit their convenience to use them. They did not put Christ in imaginary places at impossible times and put fictitious and impossible statements in the mouth. Almost every detail of Christ's earthly life can be verified by geographical position and eastern custom.

Jesus was not a mythological character. "Before you can obliterate the story of Jesus Christ from this earth, on which he so sublimely lived, you will have to grind out of sight and forever erase the sacred

now, that is beyond all range of human possibilities." Yet the astounding statement that I made a few moments ago in reference to a little child is not nearly as wonderful and seemingly absurd from a human standpoint as those Messianic prophecies which were not made by one, but by many writers of the Old Testament in reference to the birth, the life, the death and the resurrection of Jesus Christ. When the wise men came to Jerusalem to find the newborn King, who was yet to be "King of kings and Lord of Lords," what answer was given to the Oriental strangers by those learned in the Hebrew law? They promptly answered, "In Bethlehem," and gave for their authority the words of the prophet Micah, who lived and wrote 700 years before Christ was born. Yet, when the wise men went to Bethlehem, they found there the infant Christ, as Micah had foretold. Is not this fulfilled prophecy a startling evidence that Jesus was born a man, yet that he was the Being whose divine attributes were foreseen by the prophets?

But the divinity of Jesus Christ is found in the testimony of Christ's contemporaries as well as in the prophecies of those inspired men who lived hundreds of years before Christ was born. It is not only found in the gospel biographies of Jesus, who knew Christ personally, but also in the testimony of such mighty personalities as that of Paul, who was martyred in Rome about 67 A. D., and Ignatius, who was martyred in 100 A. D., and Polycarp, who lived to be nearly ninety years old and was martyred in 155 A. D. These men did not live hundreds of years after Christ was born. By direct touch with events they were able to prove with their own eyes and ears if Christ was a fraud or whether Jesus truly placed the stamp of his divinity upon his life's work by the miracles he wrought.

Explain away the prophecies? Oh, that is impossible! And yet it would be no less difficult to explain away the testimonies of the contemporaries of Jesus Christ, who declare that Christ was divine. Why? Because, as I read those testimonies, I find, with but one exception or possibly two, they were all sealed with the life-blood of martyrdom. Here is the honor roll: Matthew was slain with a sword in Ethiopia; Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria until his brains were dashed out and the matted hair stuck to the walls and the rocks; Luke's mode of death is not known positively, but tradition says he was slain for Christ; John, the only apostle who died a natural death, was not only exiled, but also cast into a caldron of boiling oil; James the Great was beheaded in Jerusalem; James the Less was hurled from the top of the temple to the ground and there beaten to death with a club; Stephen was stoned to death; Philip was hanged; St. Bartholomew was flayed alive—that means his skin was peeled off from his quivering flesh while he was yet conscious, the bystanders standing about the sufferer at the time and mocking him; Andrew preached from the cross while the people scoffed at his dying agonies; Thomas was pierced by a lance; Simon Zelotes was killed in Persia; Mattathias was murdered; Paul, Polycarp, Ignatius and scores of others were all, as I said before, martyred. Is it rational to suppose that those men who lived in Christ's time, who were able to verify his miracles, would have been willing to endure hardship and persecution and finally to lay down their lives for Christ if they knew him to be an impostor? Why, the supposition is absurd!

But not only do we find the "footprints of the Man of Galilee" marked side by side with the footprints of his disciples who lived 1,800 years ago, but also with his disciples who are living by our side at the present day. And, wonderful to state, Christ's footprints are best revealed when he has been walking with the vilest of modern sinners and outcasts, as they were when he walked by the side of Mary Magdalene and

I did, and before I had used half a twenty-five cent bottle was permanently cured. Since then I have used it for everything where outward application is required; am yet to learn of anything in reason that I cannot cure with it. No man has any idea of its value until he has used it; would not be without it under any circumstance

Respectfully yours,
NATHANIEL W. REID.

Enterprise P. O.

talked with the women at the well of Samaria and followed Zaccheus to a despised publican's house, built by the stolen moneys of a Roman tax collector.

Oh, Christ worked some wonderful miracles when he was upon earth among the publicans and the sinners! But I do not believe a greater example of his power over sin and disease was ever more convincingly manifested than when he alleviated the sufferings of those unhappy maniacs whom the writers of that time describe as being possessed by devils. That was a vivid picture that Christmas Evans drew of the return to his home of that man whose home was among the tombs, where he dwelt like a wild beast, a misery to himself and a terror to others. No sooner was he delivered by the mighty word of Christ than he started off to hunt up his wife and children. No sooner did the wife see him coming than she was struck dumb with fear. Then she cried: "Run, children! Run to the house and bar the doors! Your father is coming! Run or he may kill us!" The family hastened into the house, while the older boy started off to the neighbors for help. They barred and barricaded the windows and the doors of the house. But, strange to say, as the trembling wife and children saw the father and husband come nearer, instead of seeing him foaming at the mouth and flashing his eyes and of hearing him rave with his cursing lips, they saw him with a loving smile upon his happy face. He kept calling to his wife: "Mary, open the door! Do not be afraid. It is I, your husband, freed from all my devils. Mary, open! Jesus has saved me! Jesus has saved me!"

Oh, I know Christ can. I know Christ will if we will only let the "evidence of things not seen" do their work. The great trouble with most men who do not believe in Christ is not that they reject him. They do not do that only by the sins of omission, but they do not accept Christ because they will not study the "evidence of things not seen" as evidence. If a man will only study the facts about Christ all his thoughts and feelings will be different.

This studying of the gospel evidence as evidence has won the allegiance of many of our greatest lawyers to Christ as well as laymen. This fact was true of the conversion of Salmon P. Chase, the great Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Many years ago, after Senator Chase had been in the active practice of the law for some time, he one day unemotionally made up his mind to this one action. He said to himself practically this: "Now, Chase, the Bible is the great religious book of my country. Jesus Christ is the incarnate God who is here worshiped. As an educated gentleman as well as lawyer I should know what that Bible contains and whether or not I should give that Christ my allegiance or contempt." Thus as a lawyer he went to work. With all the power of one of the most brilliant judicial minds this country ever produced Salmon P. Chase tried to find out whether "the statutes of the Lord are right." He


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DR. C. H. WARTMAN
DENTIST.
It will be impossible for me to continue the out of town visits, but if our friends at Yarker and Tamworth will do me the favor of coming to my office in Napanee, I will do my best to please them. All work guaranteed first class.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
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MARLBANK.

weighed calmly and deliberately all the evidence made in Christ's favor. Then, after he had weighed and compared both sides, he rendered his verdict. Salmon P. Chase, in the quiet of his law study, said that "The Bible is true, Jesus is divine. He died to save me. I accept that sacrifice for my atonement of sin. I here and now promise to serve him all the rest of my earthly life that I may dwell with him in glory." Like Chief Justice Chase, are you and I ready to-day to accept Christ's promises of love by the gospel power of the "evidence of things not seen"? Will it win you, O sinner, to-day for Christ?

Where Brides Are Bought.
A wedding engagement in Turkestan begins with the payment of a substantial consideration to the girl's parents. If the girl jilts her lover, the engagement gift has to be returned, unless the parents have another daughter to give as a substitute.

Sore Throat and Coughs
A simple, effective and safe remedy for all throat irritations is found in
Cresolene Antiseptic Tablets
They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice.
10c. All Druggists 400

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

To The Electors!

The vote for County Councillors or County Commissioners takes place on Monday next. In this division Messrs. J. W. Hall, M. C. Bogart, and R. W. Paul are the Candidates. Every elector has two votes, and he can give both votes to one candidate if he pleases by placing the two crosses after the name of the chosen candidate as follows:

BOGART

Marshal Campbell Bogart, of the Township of Richmond, Agent.

HALL

John Wesley Hall, of the Town of Napanee, Gentleman.

PAUL

Robert Wilde Paul, of the Township of Richmond, Farmer.

January 2nd, 1904

Election of County Councillors for the Fifth (Napanee) County Council Division, of the County of Lennox and Addington.

This marking will leave the two Conservatives who are in the field to fight it out and see who wins. But if our friends mark their ballot any other way they are voting so as to defeat the Liberal Candidate.

WONDERFUL INSECTS.

The Marvelous Ways of Various Species of Ants.

Lieutenant Colonel Sykes saw at Poonan ants carrying out grain to dry in the sun. Dr. Linnaeus in Texas found ants which planted a certain seed bearing grass, reaped it and carried the grain into their cells, where they stripped it of chaff and packed it away. The paper relating this was read by Darwin before the Linnaean society. Another observer has told us of ants which grow mushrooms.

The foraging ants of Brazil and western equatorial Africa are terrible creatures. Elephants and gorillas fly before them; the python takes care not to indulge in a meal till he has satisfied himself that there are none of them about. They have a "leisured class," much larger creatures, which accompany their march, "like subaltern officers in a marching regiment," they are not fighters, however. One curious conjecture as to their function has been made. They are indigestible, and birds spare the whole army lest they should get hold of one of these tough morsels. This, it must be allowed, looks a little too strange.

Slaves the ants certainly have, but they do not make slave raids; the larvae of the inferior race are carried off and hatched out. The crowning marvel, however, is that the British slave owning ant, and he alone, makes his slaves fight for him.—London Spectator.

THE HAIR COMB.

It Was In Remote Times Used In Religious Ceremonies.

It would be curious to know what mystic meaning our forefathers attached to the simple act of combing the hair. We learn from old church records that the hair of the priest or bishop was combed several times during services by one of the inferior clergy, but what such a queer proceeding signified no one knows. The comb is also mentioned as one of the implements used during high mass, but only when sung by a bishop. Mass combs of the precious metals are still reckoned as the most valuable possessions of some European churches, though they are of no use in modern ceremonies. Besides the gold and silver combs, the poorer churches had them of ivory, iron, horn and even wood. Combs especially known to antiquarians are those of St. Neot, St. Dunstan and St. Malachias. That formerly belonging to St. Thomas, the martyr of Canterbury, is still kept in the church at Thetford; that of St. Cuthbert, "the woman hater," at Durham cathedral.

From sundry references in old legends to the use of the comb in divinations and from its appearance in combinations with pagan emblems on rudely sculptured stones in many of the old countries, it seems probable that it was a widely known pagan device and one that was highly venerated.—London Standard.

Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time. No. 26 Taking effect Nov. 1st, 1904

Bannockburn and Tamworth to Napanee and Deseronto.					Deseronto and Napanee to Tamworth and Bannockburn.				
Stations.	Miles	No.12	No.40	No.4	No.6	Stations.	Miles	No.1	No.41
Lve Bannockburn	0	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	Lve Deseronto	0	A.M.	P.M.
Allans	5	6:00	1:40	1:40	8:30	Lve Napanee	9	7:00	12:40
Queensboro	8	6:25	2:05	2:05	8:55	Lve Yarker	9	7:40	1:10
Bridgewater	14	6:40	2:25	2:25	9:10	Strathcona	15	8:05	1:25
Ar Tweed	20	6:55	2:45	2:45	9:25	Newburgh	17	8:15	1:30
Lve Tweed	7:00	7:20	2:55	2:55	9:40	Thomson's Mills	18	8:30	1:40
Stoco	24	7:10	3:05	3:05	9:55	Camden East	19	8:45	1:55
Larkins	27	7:25	3:20	3:20	10:10	Ar Yarker	23	9:05	2:15
Marbank	33	7:40	3:35	3:35	10:25	Lve Yarker	23	9:05	2:15
Erinsville	37	7:55	3:50	3:50	10:40	Galbraith	25	9:20	2:30
Tamworth	40	8:10	4:10	4:10	11:00	Moscow	27	9:35	2:45
Wilson	41	8:25	4:25	4:25	11:15	Mudlake Bridge	30	9:50	3:00
Enterprise	46	8:40	4:40	4:40	11:30	Enterprise	32	10:05	3:15
Mudlake Bridge	48	8:55	4:55	4:55	11:45	Wilson	34	10:20	3:30
Moscow	51	9:10	5:10	5:10	12:00	Tamworth	38	10:35	3:45
Galbraith	53	9:25	5:25	5:25	12:15	Erinsville	41	10:50	4:00
Ar Yarker	55	9:40	5:40	5:40	12:30	Marbank	45	11:05	4:15
Lve Yarker	55	10:00	6:00	6:00	12:45	Larkins	51	11:20	4:30
Camden East	59	10:20	6:20	6:20	13:00	Ar Tweed	65	11:35	4:45
Thomson's Mills	61	10:35	6:35	6:35	13:15	Lve Tweed	65	11:50	4:55
Newburgh	61	10:50	6:50	6:50	13:30	Bridgewater	64	12:05	5:00
Strathcona	62	11:05	7:05	7:05	13:45	Queensboro	70	12:20	5:15
Napanee	69	11:20	7:20	7:20	14:00	Allans	73	12:35	5:30
Lve Napanee	69	11:35	7:35	7:35	14:15	Ar Bannockburn	78	12:50	5:45
Deseronto	78	11:50	7:50	7:50	14:30				

Kingston and Sydenham to Napanee and Deseronto.					Deseronto and Napanee to Sydenham and Kingston.				
Stations.	Miles	No.2	No.4	No.6	Stations.	Miles	No.1	No.3	No.5
Lve Kingston	0	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Lve Deseronto	0	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
G. T. R. Junction	10	6:00	1:40	1:40	Lve Napanee	9	7:00	12:40	12:40
Gleuvalle	10	6:25	2:05	2:05	Lve Yarker	9	7:40	1:10	1:10
Marbank	14	6:40	2:25	2:25	Strathcona	15	8:05	1:25	1:25
Ar Harrowmuth	19	6:55	2:45	2:45	Newburgh	17	8:15	1:30	1:30
Lve Sydenham	23	7:10	3:05	3:05	Thomson's Mills	18	8:30	1:40	1:40
Ar Harrowmuth	19	8:10	4:25	4:25	Camden East	19	8:45	1:55	1:55
Frontenac	52	9:10	5:25	5:25	Ar Yarker	23	9:05	2:15	2:15
Lve Yarker	26	9:05	5:05	5:05	Lve Frontenac	27	9:20	2:30	2:30
Camden East	30	9:15	5:15	5:15	Ar Harrowmuth	30	9:10	5:45	5:45
Thomson's Mills	31	9:30	5:30	5:30	Lve Sydenham	34	9:40	6:15	6:15
Newburgh	32	9:45	5:45	5:45	Ar Harrowmuth	38	9:55	6:30	6:30
Strathcona	34	10:00	5:55	5:55	Gleuvalle	39	10:10	6:45	6:45
Napanee	40	10:15	6:10	6:10	G. T. R. Junction	47	10:30	7:05	7:05
Lve Napanee	40	10:30	6:25	6:25	Ar Kingston	49	10:45	7:20	7:20
Deseronto	49	10:45	6:40	6:40					

LOCAL WORKING TIME TABLE.

NAPANEE TO DESERONTO PICTON TO DESERONTO

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munro & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest cir-

Three Very Good Reasons.

Candid Minister—Good morning, Janet. I am sorry to hear you did not like my preaching on Sunday last. What was the reason? Janet—I had three verra good reasons, sir. Firstly, ye read yer sermon; secondly, ye did na read it weel; and, thirdly, it was na worth readin' at a'!—London Tit-Bits.

Eczema Relieved in a Day.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure this disgusting skin disease without fail. It will also cure Barber's Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum and all skin eruptions. In from three to six nights it will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles.

Thompson's Mills	31	6 10	Arr	Sydenham	34	6 10
Newburgh	32	9 30	8 25	5 48	Live	Harrowensmith	30	9 10
Strathcona	34	9 30	8 35	6 08	Arr	Murvale	35	9 22
Napanee	40	10 00	8 50	6 15	Arr	Glenora	39	9 32
Napanee, West End	40	8 35	Arr	G. T. R. Junction	47	9 50
Dan. Vento	49	6 53	Arr	Kingston	49	10 00

LOCAL WORKING TIME TABLE.

NAPANEE to DESERONTO and PICTON.

TRAINS		STEAMERS	
Leave Napanee	Arrive Deseronto	Leave Deseronto	Arrive Picton
8 15 a.m.	2 35 a.m.	7 00 a.m.	8 20 a.m.
8 35 "	3 55 "		
8 55 "	4 15 "		
9 15 "	4 35 "		
10 35 "	10 55 "	1 40 p.m.	3 10 p.m.
1 10 p.m.	1 30 p.m.		
4 30 "	4 50 "	5 30 p.m.	7 00 p.m.
6 50 "	7 10 "		
6 55 "	7 15 "	7 00 a.m.	8 30 a.m.
8 15 "	8 35 "		

PICTON to DESERONTO and NAPANEE.

STEAMERS		TRAINS	
Leave Picton	Arrive Deseronto	Leave Deseronto	Arrive Napanee
6 00 a.m.	7 30 a.m.	9 50 a.m.	10 10 a.m.
10 00 a.m.	11 30 a.m.	11 45 a.m.	12 05 p.m.
		2 45 p.m.	4 10 "
		6 10 "	6 30 "
		7 45 "	8 00 "
		12 30 a.m.	1 10 a.m.
4 00 p.m.	5 30 p.m.	2 50 "	3 10 "
		6 00 "	6 20 "
		7 00 "	7 20 "
		7 20 "	7 40 "

*Daily. All other trains run daily (Sundays excepted).

E. WALTER RATHBURN,
President.

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

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Eczema Relieved in a Day.—Dr. Annew's Ointment will cure this disgusting skin disease without fail. It will also cure Barber's Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum and all skin eruptions. In from three to six nights it will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. One application brings comfort to the most irritating cases. 35 cents.—111 Sold by, F. L. Hooper.

Ayer's Pills

Wake up your liver. Cure your constipation. Get rid of your biliousness. Sold for 60 years.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

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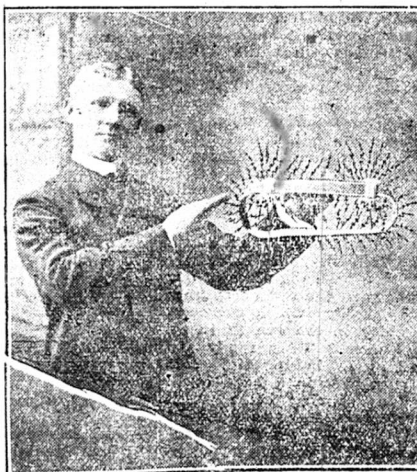
ELECTRICITY

as I apply it,

CURES WHEN OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.

If you are a Sufferer be sure and see me.

No charge to show what my Belt will do.



WEAK MEN

come to me

I WILL HELP YOU.

At the Campbell House,
Napanee,

Tuesday, Jan. 3rd,
Until Saturday 14th.

9 a.m. until 10 p.m.

TO SUFFERING HUMANITY.

I am going to be in Napanee for 12 days with my celebrated Electric Belt, and want every suffering man or woman to call and see me. I come with one of the greatest inventions of the century. I sell electricity and teach the sufferer how to intelligently use it. You have heard many things, no doubt, about Electric Belts, what they have done and what they have not done, but you have never seen one like what I have, this is newly invented. The market is full of all sorts of trash called Electric Belts, they are charged with acid or vinegar; reason will tell anyone that sort of charging will never give a lasting current of electricity. Just imagine, electricity generated from vinegar or acid, a current of any consequence cannot be gotten. My dear people, Electricity is the life of the human being, and without it no man or woman can have life or feel good. Every ambitious turn you make comes from the Electricity you have in your body. I will give it to you, I will give you a free treatment if you call, and convince you I can do what I say I can. If you have been a sufferer and the doctor has not been able to tell you what your trouble is, come to me, I will tell you just what ails you and give you a free treatment, to show I know what I am talking about. No one is expected to buy unless they wish, I simply take this style of advertising, make the statement that I carry the only genuine Electric Belt in the world to-day and want to prove it to you by giving you a trial treatment. Now you may ask, what do I cure? I cure nothing, Electricity does it. My appliance can be placed to any part of the body, legs or arms and will give any current. The treatment can be taken in belt form, hand treatment, foot treatment or Electrical Massage treatment.

To weak men, who have suffered for years, no matter how long standing, I say my belt will cure you. I have a special attachment for treating such cases. People with rheumatism, come to me and let me show you what I can do, I will relieve you in 15 minutes, not cure you understand with the one treatment, but will in a reasonable time positively cure you. Nervous trouble, people who cannot sleep at night, I want to see also. What would one give who suffers in this way, if they could get something to make them sleep. Electricity will do it. It quiets the nerves, sends a nice soothing current through the blood, refreshing every organ in the body.

Men have you varicose? Have you suffered for years with the dreadful trouble? If you have come and let me help you. I can do it, my appliance will start the blood circulating through the knotted veins and in a short time, restoring them to their natural position. I have only been at work a short time, but have done great benefit to suffering humanity. I can do just as much for you. Remember, I ask no money for trial treatment. I am simply advertising, want a chance to show I can do what I say I can. This cures any form of private weakness to man or woman. Rheumatism, varicose, kidney or bladder trouble, nervous and stomach trouble, liver complaint, paralysis, stiffness in the joints, arms or legs, poor circulation, and generally tones up the whole system. Take more electricity and less medicine. This is a chance of a life time for the people of Napanee and surrounding country, and be sure to take advantage of it. Don't forget the day,

JANUARY 3rd, UNTIL SATURDAY, 14th,

At the Campbell House, Napanee.

Ask for

J. GILMOUR LANGLEY.

THE RAILROAD FIREMAN.

Building a Fire in a Locomotive is Not an Easy Job.

The average citizen manages to set the house in an uproar every time he has to make a fire in the heater, but his job is a trifle in comparison with what a railroad fireman faces when a new fire has to be built in a locomotive. As a starter about 200 pounds of wood are necessary to fire up the ordinary engine. The wood used is old railroad ties cut into convenient blocks. When the fire box has been lined with wood it is drenched with oil, and the match is applied.

As soon as the fire gains headway forced draft is applied, the operation necessary being performed in the roundhouse, where all apparatus for quickly producing high temperature is at hand. When a good bed of blazing wood has been produced the fireman gets busy with his shovel, placing coal in even layers over the flames. This part of the work is hard on the back, and the aggrieved individual whose woes are evident to the whole block when he labors with the heater would go down and out in the first minute at it. Under the forced draft it is only a few minutes before the coal has been reduced to a sheet of embers at white heat, and by this time there is enough steam pressure generated to permit of the locomotive being moved under its own power.

Continuous resort to the shovel on the part of the fireman does the rest. It is only about once a month that a new fire is built in a locomotive while in service. The balance of the time the fire is kept alight by being banked when the iron horse is not on the road.

CHILDREN IN THE HOME.

They Bring Anxiety, but Very Much More Comfort.

The children of the family—one is apt to look on them as burdens, both-ers and expenses.

When the baby comes, be it ever so welcome, the mother has more work to do. As it grows into childhood and on to maturity it is more and more care, worry and expense.

And so the little children, those innocent trespassers, are borne with as patiently as possible until they grow to a successful manhood or womanhood.

Few stop to think deeply about this, or it would be plainly seen how erroneous the impression.

The children of the family, instead of being burdens, are burden bearers; small saviors who are daily means of grace, and who lead the world worn parents once more into the paths of innocence and peace.

A baby's tiny hand clasped around his mother's finger has stilled heart throbs of sorrow and of bitter trouble; a baby's arms around his father's neck have brought to the man's weary brain a renewal of that love which is all that makes life livable.

BLOWING OUT A CANDLE.

The Effect a Puff of Breath Has on the Flame.

A burning candle is a gas manufactory on a small scale. The wax or tallow is converted by the heat of the flame into gas, and in that form enters into chemical combination with the oxygen of the surrounding air.

This chemical union causes a very high rise in temperature in the elements concerned. In fact, it produces what we know as flame of fire, which is simply the white hot molecules of carbon and oxygen. The gas making process is started by the match in lighting the candle and is afterward

STOP THAT COUGH!

Colds Lead to Catarrh—Catarrh Leads to Consumption.

A Beautiful Girl's Experience



MISS ALMA LILLIA.

Miss Alma Lillia, 506 18th St., Rock Island, Ill., says:

"I am a firm friend to Peruna, for it cured me in two days of a cough which had been annoying me for three weeks, and which had developed a serious catarrhal affection of the throat and lungs."

"I had a number of colds during the year, and each left me with a little more catarrh; then this bad cough was the worst. I took cough medicines until I sickened at the sight of them. But Peruna cured me up in such quick time that I am its firm friend. Four weeks' constant use of it got the catarrh entirely out of my system."

"It deserves all the praise bestowed upon it."—Alma Lillia.

treatment that is ineffectual, and the cold continues.

Then they catch another cold and begin to cough. Then they take cough syrups, but they do no good.

By and by they get tired of taking medicine and give up in despair.

Their cold continues and their cough grows worse. Then they apply to a doctor, only to discover that they are in the first stages of consumption.

Nine cases of consumption out of ten occur in this way:

A person catches a cold. The cold is not properly cured, and they quickly catch another one. This cold is dilly-dallied with by no treatment, or some

Miss Lillia, of Illinois, started out exactly in this way. Fortunately, she took a course of Peruna before it was too late. She had caught several colds, then a cough developed. She took all sorts of cough medicines, until, as she puts it, "I sickened at the sight of them." In four weeks Peruna had cured her of her catarrh and her system was entirely rid of it.

This is what Peruna is doing all the while. Not a day, and probably not an hour, passes but some one has a similar experience with Peruna.

The first step toward consumption is catching cold. The next step is a failure to cure it promptly. The third step is the development of catarrh, which gradually becomes chronic. The fourth step, the catarrh begins to spread from the head to the throat. The fifth step, the catarrh spreads to the bronchial tubes and lungs. It then becomes consumption in its first stage.

At any time during the progress of the catarrh, from the first onset of the cold to its final settlement in the lungs, Peruna can be relied upon to stop the disease. It cures entirely. Even after consumption has become thoroughly developed, many cases have found in Peruna a permanent cure. After they have been given up by physicians to die of consumption Peruna has cured them.

We have hundreds of testimonials that declare these facts in the most enthusiastic language.

U. S. Senator John M. Thurston, from Nebraska, writes the following letter from Washington, D. C., under date of April 6, 1901:

"I have used Peruna at various times during the past year or two with most satisfactory results."

"It entirely relieved me from an irritating cough, the result of excessive effort in the Presidential campaign, and I am a firm believer in its efficacy in any such trouble."—Jno. M. Thurston.

To take quieting medicines to stop a cough is absurd and harmful. The only way to stop a cough permanently and without doing more injury than good is to cure the catarrh, which is exactly what Peruna does. It cures the catarrh of the bronchial tubes and the cough ceases.

At the slightest appearance of a cough a bottle of Peruna should be taken according to directions. One bottle in the beginning will do more than a half dozen bottles after the catarrh has fastened itself on the lungs.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Wood's Phosphatine,



Before and After.

The Great English Remedy for all "well established" and "relapsing" nervous debility. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction. It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spinal Catarrh, Impotency, and all effects of abuse or excesses; the excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, Mental and Brain Worry, all of which lead to Infirmary, Insanity, Consumption and an Early Grave. Price \$1. per package or 6 for \$5. One will cure, six will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for free pamphlet. Address The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphatine is sold in Napanea by Thos. B. Wallace, F. L. Hooper, T. A. Hoffman, J. J. Perry, and Nelt.

Are you Haunted day and night?—Mind and body racked and tortured by evil forebodings, gloomy and dull, robbed of that "Divine Restorer," sleep, appetite gone, nerves shattered, generally debilitated? This is none too dark a picture for great South American Nerve to obliterate and set up in its stead the glowing tints of the sun of perfect health.—108 Sold by F. L. Hooper.

The Girdle of Old.

Howell quotes as familiar a French proverb, "Il a quitte sa ceinture" (He has given up his girdle), which intimated as much as if he had become bankrupt or had all his estate forfeited, it being the ancient law of France that when any man upon some offense had the penalty of confiscation inflicted

Betting For a Friend.

A gentleman was requested by a lady to put her a tennor on a certain horse if he fancied it. Now, he did not fancy the animal nor back it and was greatly surprised to see it win. Of course he was pleased, but his satisfaction was interrupted by the reflection that the lady would doubtless imagine that her tennor had been invested. The trainer inquired the price —20 to 1. "Though a poor man, he was —and is, I should say—so kindly and scrupulous that he would not disappoint his friend, and sent her £200, which he could exceedingly ill afford. Doubtless to this day she has no knowledge of the truth."—London Sport.

ments concerned. In fact, it produces what we know as flame of fire, which is simply the white hot molecules of carbon and oxygen. The gas making process is started by the match in lighting the candle and is afterward continued by the flame itself.

Our breath acts in three ways: (1) It carries away the particles of gas bodily. (2) It lowers their temperature at the same time, so that they are no longer capable of entering into chemical union with the oxygen. (3) The breath contains carbonic acid gas, which is incapable of supporting combustion and so helps to extinguish the flame.

Dropsy and Heart Disease.—"For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells made my life a torment. Dropsy set in. My physician told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave great relief, one bottle cured me completely."—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y.—107
Sold by F. L. Hooper.

Close's Mills closed for curicum grinding, until a thaw, or further notice.
J. A. CLOSE.

Hand sleighs that will coast, made of steel, at
BOYLE & SON.

Alexander's Palace.
The palace of Alexander the Great was an imposing structure in its time, and the wonder is that any vestige of it stands today. It was built in a manner much more substantial than that of today, though advocates of steel construction claim that the modern structure will defy time as long as any of those built by the ancients. Time alone will determine how much truth there is in this contention. On the Asiatic plain are the massive remnants of an ancient gateway fringed with weeds, and, vaguely knowing who he was, the natives tell that this is all that is left of the palace of Alexander.

The Patient's Idea.
Dr. Price-Price (diplomatically)—I don't know whether I sent you a statement of what—er—you owe me. Mr. Knox—Neither do I. Dr. Price-Price—Ah, you didn't get it then? I guess I didn't send you a statement. Mr. Knox—Oh, yes, but it looked more like a statement of what you think I possess.

A Burning Mistake.
Bilkins—I never knew Cockshure to acknowledge that he had made a mistake. Bilkins—I did once. Bilkins—How did it happen? Bilkins—He put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth.

Old Ocean's Joke.
"There's another bunch of bridal couples on that ship," remarked Father Neptune.
"Yes," replied the Atlantic ocean.
"I'm being crossed in love pretty regularly these days."

Of the best society it used to be said its conversation affords instruction, while its silence imparts culture.—Goethe.

The Bostonian's Incidental Remark.
He—Will you marry me? She—No, thank you. He—I thought perhaps you wouldn't. How do you like that continued story that is running now in the Atlantic?

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Little*

and Brain Injury, all of which lead to Infirmity, Insanity, Consumption and an Early Grave.
Price \$1 per package or six for \$5. One will cure six with ease. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for free pamphlet. Address The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphorine is sold in Napanee by Thos. B. Wallace, F. L. Hooper, T. A. Hufford, J. J. Perry, and Neilson & Robinson, Druggists.

RESTAURANTS.

They Came Into Being With the First French Revolution.

The restaurant is of comparatively modern origin. The first French revolution, at the close of the eighteenth century, witnessed its birth. Prior to that time the best cooks were in the employ of the nobility, whose ruin threatened them with equal disaster. A happy inspiration, however, led them to open places of public entertainment, which leaped at once into immense popular favor, inasmuch as previously, while the French people were endowed with the instincts of delicate cookery, they were unable to gratify their tastes through the absence of resorts available for the purpose.

The proprietors of many of these establishments quickly acquired a widespread fame and large wealth. Coincident with the birth of the restaurant in France, an immense impulse was given to the publication of popular treatises on the art of cookery composed by the most famous cooks. These were rapidly disseminated among the people, who, gifted with a natural genius for gastronomy, promptly availed of the new sources of knowledge to perfect themselves in an art of which they have become the foremost exponents of the world. Among these publications was the "Almanach des Gourmands," established in 1804, one of the classics of culinary learning.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for our circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It is a strange fact that nearly all great men have a tinge of melancholy in their blood and are subject at times to periods of great depression. Napoleon at the beginning of his career was in great financial distress and was prevented from drowning himself only by the timely pecuniary aid of a schoolmate. Bismarck is said to have declared after the battle of Sadowa that he would have killed himself had the Prussians been beaten, and Byron while writing "Childe Harold" declared he would have blown his brains out but for the reflection that it would give pleasure to his mother-in-law.

The reasons for self destruction are often very curious. Men have frequently been known to put an end to their lives to escape toothache or other pains, while the dread of disease has been known to affect the mind to such an extent that the victim has destroyed himself rather than face it. Weariness of money and good things to eat have been the cause of suicide. One man drowned himself in the Seine because of the color of his hair, which was flaxen, and another shot himself because his clothes did not fit him. A girl threw herself into the Danube because her companions laughed at her corpulence, and a Frenchman took poison to spite his mother-in-law because she insisted upon living with him.

Proverb, "A minute's care" (we have given up his girdle, which intimated as much as if he had become bankrupt or had all his estate forfeited, it being the ancient law of France that when any man upon some offense had the penalty of confiscation inflicted upon him "he used before the tribunal to give up his girdle, implying thereby that the girdle held everything that belonged to a man's estate, as his budget of money and writings, the keys of his house, with his sword, dagger and gloves." The fact that the girdle was used as a purse had much to do with its importance in general appreciation. We have an English proverb confirmatory of this appreciation. It is said, "Ungirt, unblessed," and that it was in very common use is clear from the frequency with which the phrase occurs in old out of the way literature.

SHAVING IS ANCIENT.

The Custom Was Probably Followed In Prehistoric Times.

It is not improbable that prehistoric man shaved, for curiously shaped shells and flint flakes have been discovered which have been supposed to be very ancient razors. In remote parts of China men have their chins scraped, without water or soap, by instruments very similar to these, and the men of the stone age would most likely find put at a very early stage that to leave hair upon their face was to give a useful handle to their enemies.

That, indeed, was the reason why Alexander the Great compelled his soldiers to shave, and his order is among the earliest definite instances of shaving upon record, although there can be no question that the practice existed long before his day.

The oldest Egyptian sculptures show some men clean shaven, and others partially so, with curled beards. It is recorded in Genesis that Joseph, when he went from prison to the presence of Pharaoh, about 1500 B. C., "shaved himself and changed his raiment."

Crushed.

"Very well, sir," said Dr. Quack after his quarrel with the undertaker. "I'll make you sorry for this."

"What are you going to do," asked the undertaker—"retire from practice?"

Nature revolts against high living and it has set its seal to it by adding to man's ailments the scourge of diabetes. Eminent medical men until recently proclaimed it a "no cure disease," but South American Kidney Cure has knocked down their pet fallacy and has proved itself master of kidney disease to all its forms. Relief in 6 hours.—110. Sold by F. L. Hooper.

—20 to 1. Though a poor man, he was—and is, I should say—so kindly and scrupulous that he would not disappoint his friend, and sent her £200, which he could exceedingly ill afford. Doubtless to this day she has no knowledge of the truth.—London Sporting News.

The Passing of Chivalry.

When gallantry prevailed in the south no woman was allowed to carry home a bundle of any kind. If any gentleman caught one in the act of lugging a purchase from some shop to her domicile he felt in duty bound to tip his hat, make low obeisance and beg the privilege of acting as her expressman. This common courtesy was accepted of all men in the spirit in which a queen would allow a vassal to serve her. Nowadays southern women, like their northern sisters, tote their own packages.

Flowers of Good Cheer.

Although Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes never practiced medicine, those who knew him intimately say that he cheered more sinking invalids, cured more sick people and did more good, even from a medical standpoint, than many of his young physician friends. The secret of his power lay in his overflowing cheerfulness and kindness of heart. He scattered "flowers of good cheer" wherever he went. With him optimism was a creed. "Mirth is God's medicine," he declared. "Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all the rust of life—ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth."

Vapo-Cresolene
Established 1879.
Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis
Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria
Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics
Cresolene is a long established and standard remedy for the diseases indicated. It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surfaces of the bronchial tubes with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. Those of a consumptive tendency, or sufferers from chronic bronchitis, find immediate relief from coughs or inflamed conditions of the throat.
Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists or sent prepaid on receipt of price.
A Vapo-Cresolene outfit including a bottle of Cresolene \$1.50. Send for free illustrated booklet. LUNDAKE MED. CO., Ltd., Agents, 288 St. James St., Montreal, Canada. 595



DR. HENNEQUIN'S INFANT TABLETS



Six Months Ago Pale, Peevish and Ailways Sick.

Mr. Wm. Frizzell, Post Clerk, Napanee, says: "My little girl six months ago was not very strong, could not sleep, was feverish and peevish. The child's indigestion was something terrible. Mr. Douglas gave me a package of Hennequin's Infant Tablets; we used them; the result was truly marvelous. I saw and learned something then that I could not have believed, had I not seen it for myself. However, I must say that my little girl, now 18 months of age, is full of fun and frolic. She is hearty, eats well and sleeps well, and is the picture of health. I believe Hennequin's Tablets to be the greatest and surest babies' medicine I ever saw."

DR. HENNEQUIN'S INFANT TABLETS.

Destroy worms, assimilate the food, regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, procure healthy and natural sleep, relieve teething trouble, allay feverishness, cure indigestion, diarrhoea, constipation, colic, etc.; stop waking in the sleep and frightened awakening from sleep, cure fits, etc. Beyond price for children affected with weak health. Dr. Hennequin's Infant Tablets do not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic properties. Price 25c per package. 5 packages for \$1—postpaid to any address. Send us \$1 for 5 boxes and if, after using part or all of one box, you wish your dollar back, you can have it by mailing us the remaining four boxes. We cannot be responsible for money unless sent by P. O. Order, Money Order, or Registered Letter.
DOUGLAS & CO., Napanee, Ont., Can.
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

The Price of Liberty

OR, A MIDNIGHT CALL

CHAPTER XXXI.

"All the same I can see your outline," Henson said, dismally. "I don't feel quite so frightened now. I can hang on a bit longer, especially now, I know assistance is at hand. At first I began to be afraid that I was a prisoner for the night. No; don't go. If I had a rope I should have the proper confidence to swarm up again. And there is a coil of rope in the arbour close by you. Hang it straight down over that middle boulder and fasten your end round one of those iron pilasters."

The rope was there as Henson stated; indeed, he had placed it there himself. With the utmost coolness and courage Chris did as she was desired. But it took some little time to coax the rope to go over in the proper direction. There was a little mutter of triumph from below, and presently Henson, with every appearance of utter exhaustion, climbed over the ledge to the terrace. At the same moment an owl hooted twice from the long belt of trees at the bottom of the garden.

"I hope you are none the worse for your adventure?" Chris asked, politely.

Henson said sententially that he fancied not. His familiarity with the cliffs had led him too far. If he had fallen on a ledge of rock goodness only knows what might have happened. Would Chris be so good as to let him the benefit of her arm back to the castle? Chris was graciously willing, but she was full of curiosity at the same time. Had Henson really been in danger, or was the whole thing some part of an elaborate and cunning plot? Henson knew perfectly well that she had taken a great fancy to the upper terrace, and he might—

Really it was difficult to know what to think. They passed along slowly till the lights here and there from the castle shone on their faces. At the same time a carriage had driven up to the hall door and a visitor was getting out. With a strange sense of eagerness and pleasure Chris recognised the handsome features and misshapen shape of Hatherly Bell.

"The expected guest has arrived," Henson said.

There was such a queer mixture of snarling anger and exulting triumph in his voice that Chris looked up. Just for an instant Henson had dropped the mask. A ray of light from the open door streamed fully across his face. The malignant pleasure of it startled Chris. Like a flash she began to see how she had been used by those miscreants.

"He is very handsome," she contrived to say, steadily.

"Handsome is that handsome does," Henson quoted. "Let us hope that Dr. Bell will succeed in his mission. He has my best wishes."

Chris turned away and walked slowly as possible up the stairs. Another minute with that slimy hypocrite and she felt she must betray herself. Once out of sight she flew along the corridor and snapped up the electric light. She fell back with a stifled cry of dismay, but she was more sorrowful than surprised.

"I expected it," she said. "I knew that this was the thing they were after."

The precious copy of Rembrandt was no longer there!

There were more sides to the mys-

I failed to understand, and I made a grab for him and got him. Then the other hand made a dash for my head with an ugly piece of gas-piping, and I had to let go."

"And you saw no more of the fellow?"

"No; I didn't expect to. I couldn't see his face, but there was one peculiarity he had that I might tell you for your future guidance. He had a thumb smashed as flat as the head of a snake, with one tiny pink nail in the middle of it. So, if you meet a man like that on your journey to-day, look to yourself. On the whole, you see that our enemies are a little more awake than you give them credit for."

Bell nodded thoughtfully. The information was of the greatest possible value to him. It told him quite plainly that Reginald Henson knew exactly what had happened. Under ordinary circumstances by this time Henson would be on his way to Littimer Castle, there to checkmate the man he had so deeply injured. But fortunately Henson was laid by the heels, or so Bell imagined.

"I am really obliged to you," Bell said. "Your information is likely to be of the greatest possible service to me. I'm sorry you can't work."

"Don't worry about me," David said, grimly. "I'm gaining a vast quantity of experience that will be of the greatest value to me later on. Besides, I can go and compare notes with Miss Ruth Gates whilst you are away. She is soothing."

"So I should imagine," Bell said, drily. "No, I must be off. I'll let you know what happens at Littimer Castle. Good luck to you here."

And Bell bustled off. He was pleased to find a recent telegram of acceptance from Littimer awaiting him, and before five o'clock he was in the train for London. It was only after he left London that he began to crawl along. Thanks to slow local lines and a badly fitting cross service it was nearly eleven o'clock before he reached Moreton Station. It did not matter much, because Littimer had said that a carriage should meet him.

However, there was no conveyance of any kind outside the station. One sleepy porter had already departed, and the other one, who took Bell's ticket and was obviously waiting to lock up, deposed that a carriage from the castle had come to the station, but that some clerical gentleman had come along and countermanded it. Whereupon the dog-cart had departed.

"Very strange," Bell muttered.

"What sort of a person was it?"

"I only just saw his face," the porter yawned. "Dressed in black, with a white tie and a straw hat. Walked in a slouching kind of way with his hands down; new curate from St. Albans, perhaps. Looked like a chap as could take care of himself in a row."

"Thanks," Bell said, curtly. "I'll manage the walk; it's only two miles. Good-night."

Bell's face was grim and set as he stepped out into the road. He knew fairly well what this meant. It was pretty evident that his arch-enemy knew his movements perfectly well, and that a vigorous attempt was being made to prevent him reaching the castle. He called back to the porter.

"How long since the carriage went?" he asked.

a bit nervous that it might have been some plan to rob you. And I was going to drive slowly along to the station again when you turned up."

"Oh, there's nothing wrong," said Bell, cheerfully. "And I don't look as if I'd come to any harm. Anybody staying at the castle, Lund?"

"Only Mr. Reginald Henson, sir," Lund said, disparagingly.

Bell started, but his emotion was lost in the darkness. It came as a great surprise to him to find that the enemy was actually in the field. And how apprehensive of danger he must be to come so far with his health in so shattered a condition. Bell smiled to himself as he pictured Henson's face on seeing him once more under that roof.

"How long has Mr. Henson been here?" he asked.

"Only came yesterday, sir. Shall I drive you up to the house? And if you wouldn't mind saying nothing to his lordship about my mistake, sir—"

"Make your mind easy on that score," Bell said, drily. "His lordship shall know nothing whatever about it. On the whole, I had better drive up to the house. How familiar it all looks, to be sure."

A minute later and Bell stood within the walls of the castle.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Chris crossed the corridor like one who walks in a dream. She had not enough energy left to be astonished even.

Her mind travelled quickly over the events of the past hour, and she began to see the way clear. But how had somebody or other managed to remove the picture? Chris examined the spot on the wall where the Rembrandt had been with the eye of a detective.

That part of the mystery was explained in a moment. A sharp cutting instrument, probably a pair of steel pliers with a lever attachment, had been applied to the head of the four stings, and the flat heads had been pinched off as clean as if they had been string. After that it was merely necessary to remove the frame and a child could have done the rest.

"How clever I am," Chris told herself, bitterly. "I'm like the astute people who put Chubb locks on Russia leather jewel-cases that anybody could rip open with a sixpenny penknife. And in my conceit I deemed the Rembrandt to be absolutely safe. Now what—what is the game?"

It was much easier to ask the question than to answer it. But there were some facts sufficiently obvious to Chris. In the first place she knew that Reginald Henson was at the bottom of the whole thing; she knew that he had traded on the fact that she had taken a fancy to the terrace as an after-dinner lounge, indeed, she had told him so earlier in the day. He had traded on the knowledge that he could prove an alibi if any suspicions attached to him. The fact that he was in danger owing to a slip on the edge of the cliff was all nonsense. He had not been in any danger at all; he had seen Chris there, and he had made all that parade with an eye to the future. As a matter of course, he was down there settling matters with his accomplice of the maimed thumb, who had chosen the cliff way of getting into the castle as the swiftest and the surest from detection.

Yes, it was pretty obvious that the man with the thumb had stolen the print, and that by this time he was far away with his possession. While Chris was helping Henson the latter's accomplice had slipped into the castle and effected the burglary. Chris flicked out the light in the alcove as a servant came along. It was not policy for any of the domestics to be too wise. Chris forced a smile to her face as the maid came. "I have granted your request against my better judgment," he said. "I am not sanguine that the least possible good can come of it."

THE STRONGEST JUDGE

Mr. Justice Deane was the strongest judge on the Bench. Stern, unbending, learned in the law, and never taken unawares, he dispensed justice with a hand that never wavered; and if his judgments erred but seldom on the side of mercy, none, even of the unhappy creatures who came before him, was ever heard to question their absolute impartiality. Not all who have worn the ermine can claim so much.

In private life his lordship was the most amiable of men. He doffed his sternness with his robes, and became easy-going even to the point of indifference. Having always in his official capacity to take a hard-and-fast line and say what should and what should not be, it is quite conceivable that he was glad enough out of it to leave the task to others; and this, as a matter of fact, was his invariable custom. He fell in with whatever views were expressed, and sank his own—when he had any—with the utmost complacency.

When his wife told him that their only daughter had fallen in love with a clerk, he was perhaps momentarily astonished, but quite affable. If the happy man had been a bagman his concern would have been just as much—and as little.

"Oh, let her marry him, my dear," he said, cheerfully. "Let her marry him if she wants to. I have no objection. We were young ourselves once!"

"Yes, but not necessarily idiots!" retorted her ladyship. She, it may be remarked, was of different mould. When she had made up her mind, wild horses could not drag her from it. "Do what you like, of course; but don't expect me to be a party to it! A beggarly clerk with a hundred and fifty a year! How Amy can be so foolish as to dream of it, I don't know!"

Needless to say, her ladyship carried the day, as she had done hundreds of times previously. When the "beggarly clerk" called upon him a week or so later, Sir Charles had quite come round to his wife's way of thinking. He was most urbane—a bad sign, had his visitor only known.

"My dear sir," he said, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance—delighted! I have heard—ahem—already of my daughter's—er—little romance, and I congratulate you. She is a good girl, though I say it! Unfortunately, if I understand you correctly, your—ahem—present circumstances hardly warrant your taking a wife just yet. Still, in a few years' time, of course, things may be—er—different; and then I should be only too pleased to—to—er—"

Sir Charles coughed again by way of saying that the situation was really very delicate; and the crestfallen suitor, who had imagined other things, not being so dense as he probably looked, took the hint and his departure. There the matter might very well have ended, but for the fact that the young lady herself possessed a generous share of the family firmness. She made no comment at the moment, but a little more than a month later she went out at eleven one morning and sent a note home later in the day to say that she had been married to the man of her choice and was then starting on her honeymoon.

Here was a bombshell. Who would have dreamed of such a thing? Lady Deane at once took refuge, as most strong-minded women do in crises, in a fit of hysterics, and, as soon as she recovered, tried to cast the blame

cried and she felt she must betray herself. Once out of sight she flew along the corridor and snapped up the electric light. She fell back with a stifled cry of dismay, but she was more sorrowful than surprised. "I expected it," she said. "I knew that this was the thing they were after."

The precious copy of Rembrandt was no longer there!

There were more sides to the mystery than David Steel imagined. It had seemed to him that he had pretty well all the threads in his hands, but he would have been astonished to know how much more Hatherly Bell and Enid Henson could have told him.

But it seemed to Bell that there was one very important thing to be done before he proceeded any farther. He was interested in the mystery as he was interested in anything where crime and cunning played a part. But he was still more intent upon clearing his good name; besides, this would give him a wider field of action.

In the light of recent discoveries it had become imperative that he should once more be on good terms with Lord Littimer. Once this was accomplished, Bell saw his way to the clearing up of the whole complication. It was a great advantage to know who his enemy was; it was a still greater advantage to discover that the hero of the cigar case and the victim of the outrage in Steel's conservatory was the graceless scamp Van Sneek, the picture dealer, who had originally sold "The Crimson Blind" to Lord Littimer.

It was all falling out beautifully. Not only had Van Sneek turned up in the nick of time, but he was not in a position to do any further mischief. It suited Bell exactly that Van Sneek should be hors de combat for the moment.

The first thing to be done was to see Lord Littimer without delay. Bell had no idea of humbly soliciting an interview. He proceeded to a telephone booth the first thing the following morning and wired Littimer to the effect that he must see him on important business. He had an hour or two at his disposal, so he took a cab as far as Downing Terrace. He found Steel slughanting in the conservatory, the atmosphere of which was blue with cigarette smoke.

"So you're not working this morning?" he asked.

"How the dickens can I work?" David exclaimed, irritably. "Not that I haven't been trying. I might just as well take a long holiday till this mystery is cleared up for the good I am. What is the next move?"

"My next move is to go to Littimer and convince him that he has done me a great wrong. I am bound to have Littimer's ear once more."

"You are going to show him the spare Rembrandt, eh?"

"That's it. I flatter myself I shall astonish him. I've sent a telegram to say I'm coming to-day, after which I shall proceed to storm the citadel. I feel all the safer because nobody knows I have the engraving."

"My dear chap, somebody knows you have the picture."

"Impossible!" Bell exclaimed. "Only yourself and Enid Henson can possibly be aware that—"

"All the same, I am speaking the truth," David said. "Last night when you went into the hospital, you gave me the print to take care of. At the same time I noticed a rough-looking man presumably asleep on the seat in the road facing the hospital. Afterwards when I looked round he had disappeared. At the time I thought nothing of it. When I came in here I placed the precious roll of paper on my writing-table under the window yonder. The window is a small one, as you can see, and was opened about a foot at the top. I sat here with the light down and the room faintly illuminated by the light in the conservatory. After a little time I saw a hand and arm groping for something on the table, and I'm quite sure the hand and arm were groping for your Rembrandt. The fellow muttered something that

Bell's face was grim and set as he stepped out into the road. He knew fairly well what this meant. It was pretty evident that his arch-enemy knew his movements perfectly well, and that a vigorous attempt was being made to prevent him reaching the castle. He called back to the porter.

"How long since the carriage went?" he asked.

A voice from the darkness said "Ten minutes," and Bell trudged on with the knowledge that one of his enemies at least was close at hand. That Reginald Henson was at the castle he had not the remotest idea. Nor did he fear personal violence. Despite his figure, he was a man of enormous strength and courage. But he had not long to wait.

Somebody was coming down the lonely road towards him, somebody in clerical attire. The stranger stopped and politely, if a little huskily, inquired if he was on the right way to Moreton Station. Bell responded as politely that he was, and asked to know the time. Not that he cared anything about the time; what he really wanted was to see the stranger's hands. The little ruse was successful. In the dim light Bell could see a fattened, hideous thumb with the pink parody of a nail upon it.

"Thanks, very much," he said, crisply. "Keep straight on."

He half turned as the stranger swung round. The latter darted at Bell, but he came too late. Bell's first shot out and caught him fairly on the forehead. Then the stick in Bell's left hand came down with crushing force on the prostrate man's skull. So utterly dazed and surprised was he that he lay on the ground for a moment, panting heavily.

"You murderous ruffian," Bell gasped. "You escaped convict in an honest man's clothes. Get up! So you are the fellow—"

He paused suddenly, undesirous of letting the rascal see that he knew too much. The other man rolled over suddenly like a cat and made a dash for a gap in the hedge. He was gone like a flash. Pursuit would be useless, for pace was not Bell's strong point. And he was not fearful of being attacked again.

"Henson seems to be pretty well served," he muttered, grimly.

Meanwhile, the man with the thumb was lying over the fields in the direction of Littimer. He made his way across country to the cliffs with the assured air of one who knows every inch of the ground. He had failed in the first part of his instructions, and there was no time to be lost if he was to carry out the second part successfully.

He struck the cliffs at length a mile or so away, and proceeded to scramble along them till he lay hidden just under the terraces at Littimer Castle. He knew that he was in time for this part of the programme, despite the fact that his head ached considerably from the force and vigor of Bell's assault. He lay there, panting and breathing heavily, waiting for the signal to come.

Meanwhile, Bell was jogging along placidly and with no fear in his heart at all. He did not need anybody to tell him what was the object of his late antagonist's attack. He knew perfectly well that if the ruffian had got the better of him he would never have seen the Rembrandt again. Henson's howls were on the track; but it would go hard if they pulled the quarry down just as the sanctuary was in sight. Presently Bell could see the lights of the castle.

By the lodge-gates stood a dog-cart; in the flare of the lamps Bell recognised the features of the driver, a very old servant of Littimer's. Bell took in the situation at a glance.

"Is this the way you come for me, Lund?" he asked.

"I'm very sorry, sir," Lund replied. "But a clergyman near the station said you had gone another way, so I turned back. And when I got here I couldn't make top nor tail of the story. Bless if I wasn't

While Chris was helping Henson the latter's accomplice had slipped into the castle and effected the burglary. Chris flicked out the light in the alcove as a servant came along. It was not policy for any of the domestics to be too wise. Chris forced a smile to her face as the maid came. "I have granted your request against my better judgment," he said. "I am not sanguine that the least possible good can come of it. But I have quite grown out of all my allusions; I have seen the impossible proved too often. Will you take anything?"

"I hope to do so presently," Bell said, pointedly; "but not yet. In the first instance I have to prove to you that I have not stolen your Rembrandt."

"Indeed? I should like to know how you propose to do that."

"I shall prove it at once. You were under the impression that you possessed the only copy of the 'Crimson Blind' in existence. When you lost yours and a copy of the picture was found in my possession, you were perfectly justified in believing that I was the thief."

"I did take that extreme view of the matter," Littimer said, drily.

"Under the circumstances I should have done the same thing. But you were absolutely wrong, because there were two copies of the picture. Yours was stolen by an enemy of mine who had the most urgent reasons for discrediting me in your eyes, and the other was concealed amongst my belongings. It was no loss to the thief, because subsequently the stolen one—my own one being restored to you—could have been exposed and disposed of as a new find. Your print is in the house?"

"It hangs in the gallery at the present moment."

"Very good. Then, my lord, what do you say to this?"

Bell took the roll of paper from his pocket and gravely flattened it out on the table before him, so that the full rays of the electric light should fall upon it. Littimer was a fine study of open-mouthed surprise. He could only stand there gaping, touching the stained paper with his fingers and breathing heavily.

(To be Continued.)

WOULD-BE DOCTORS.

Knowledge Displayed in Answers to Questions.

Dr. Newsholme, the medical officer of health for Brighton, England provided fun at a gathering of British doctors. He was giving away the secrets of examination papers. To be able to collect "howlers," he explained, was one of the few delights he enjoyed as an examiner.

What should be done in the case of a person who had been bitten by a mad dog? was a question. "Red-hot poker," was the reply of one student.

Another student was more precise. He wrote: "If any person is found handy and foolish enough to suck the bite, let it be done." A third said, "It should be burned with cosmetic."

"Cautic" was what he meant, explained Dr. Newsholme.

In reply to another question a student wrote: "The best way to avoid danger from impure water in the cistern is to have the water from the main sewer in the road in front."

"Icebergs are not a desirable source of water supply," was another answer, "as icebergs are not made up of pure water." One student advocated the use of "artisan" wells.

Coffee adulteration was dealt with as follows: "Coffee is adulterated by adding bricnet and sometimes by ground cayenne pepper, but chiefly by adding chicory."

"Nitrogenous foods help to build up the 'waist' of the body," was another reply; and the meat "simper" until finished" yet another.

A further speaker referred to an examination paper in which a student had written "Tuberculosis is developed in an emancipated cow."

one morning and sent a note home later in the day to say that she had been married to the man of her choice and was then starting on her honeymoon.

Here was a bombshell. Who would have dreamed of such a thing? Lady Deane at once took refuge, as most strong-minded women do in crises, in a fit of hysterics, and, as soon as she recovered, tried to cast the blame for it on her husband. Sir Charles said little. His love for his wife was of the sort that suffereth long and is kind. He doubtless reflected that it was an unfortunate business, but for the time being, at all events, kept his own counsel.

As the months tolled by, became years, and there was still no news of the truant, the strain began to tell on him. He made no sign outwardly of his grief. He was still the calm, logical, clear-headed judge; but those who watched closely noticed an added severity in his manner. The counsel who stepped just outside the bounds of fair comment, the witness who prevaricated, invariably quailed before the weight of the judicial rebuke; while the prisoner who lied obviously could subsequently reflect—if reflection was in his nature—that his lying had added six months or so to his sentence, and be remarkably near to the truth.

Five years had gone by when the unexpected happened. Sir Charles took the Midland circuit that term, and at Hillborough, where he arrived about the middle, the calendar was heavy. He commented gravely on the fact. Late on the second day a case of forgery came on. The accused, a young man, pleaded guilty. A starving wife and child was his excuse for his lapse; an uncrossed cheque, found in the street and drawn in favor of the employer who had turned him away shabbily three months before, made up the story. The temptation to forge the signature and buy food for his family was too strong to resist. He did so and, being only half a rogue, was promptly found out.

The barrister who defended made much of his theme. He played with consummate skill on his hearers' emotions, an soon had many eyes welling with tears. But those of the ermined figure on the Bench were dry enough. Sir Charles had heard many a harrowing story. When counsel sat down, after a final impassioned appeal for mercy, he summoned up in terms as grim as they were brief.

"Forgery, he said, was a grave offence. It involved serious issues. To allow an individual to commit it simply on the plea that he was destitute was impossible—would literally be placing a premium on wrongdoing. The duty of the jury was plain; the prisoner's own admission, in fact, made their presence a formality only. It was well to remember that in these cases they had to be guided by the head and not the heart."

Without leaving the box the twelve good men and true returned their verdict: "Guilty!" A cry of anguish rang out from the back of the court, but the dramatic moment was not yet. Those who were lookers-on only even went away with a sense of having been cheated of their right, for his lordship curtly intimated that in view of the lateness of the hour he should postpone sentence till the morrow.

Five minutes later he was on his way to his lodgings, the prospect of rest and a comfortable meal before him. It turned out, however, that he was to enjoy neither. Hard on his own arrival came a woman asking to see him. She was breathless with hard walking, her eyes had the look of a hunted animal.

"Impossible!" said his valet, to whom the question was addressed. "His lordship can see no one."

"It is a matter of life and death," she urged.

"I cannot help it," was the reply. "My orders are strict. If you knew his lordship you wouldn't ask me to break them."

If she knew his lordship! Down came her last card.

"Tell Sir Charles that his daughter is here!" she flashed out.

Urged into compliance, and yet doubting her veracity, the man went.

"A lady wishes to speak to you, sir," he said, deferentially. "She says—"

"I have no wish to know what she says, Jackson. You know very well that it is out of the question."

"Is it?"

His lordship wheeled round angrily. That he should be hearded like this was too much. But the words on his tongue were never spoken.

"Amy!" he gasped.

"Yes. You didn't count on seeing me?"

"No-o!" His heart throbbed wildly.

"Where—where have you been?"

"Where? Oh, many places!" She dismissed the man with a nod.

"I was in court just now when—when you tried my husband!"

"Your husband! Heavens, what a tragedy! And I could not think—"

He was going to say that he could not think where he had seen him before.

All the last hour it had bothered him—the dim knowledge that he had met the man previously. Now it came to him with a rush.

He was five years older, and he had grown a beard. That was all.

"My husband." She paused dramatically.

"I am the starving wife who said was no excuse for forgery!"

"Starring! And I did not know!"

The words fell from him half unconsciously.

"Why did you let it come to this?" he said, turning on her fiercely.

"Why did you not write—come to me—before?"

"Because we were proud. We wanted to pull through it if we could. I should not have come now if—"

if things had not been what they are. Do you think I like suing for mercy—

I, who have kept away all these years?"

"Proud? Yes, a fine pride!" There was bitterness in his tone.

"When I could have helped you held aloof! Doubtless you thought I should refuse—"

should turn you away empty-handed! Why? Was I—was I hard before?"

Something like a sob broke from him.

"Now you come—ah, Heaven! you come—when it is too late!"

"Too late!"

"I can do nothing now! My duty is to administer the law."

"And the law?"

"Says that he shall be punished!"

"But you are given discretion!" Her voice rose shrill.

"You have only to say the word and he is free. And he is no criminal—you know it as well as I. To punish him as you would another would be outrageous—sheer cruelty."

Sir Charles shook his head.

"You do not understand! My discretion is limited. Sometimes—in certain cases—I can soften the possibilities of a wrong verdict. Here"—he leaned against the wall, a pathetic figure—"I am helpless!"

"Helpless! You, the strongest judge on the Bench!" She laughed—a laugh that startled him by its bitterness.

"I will not believe it! You will send him to gaol, brand him a criminal, for that he stole bread when his wife was starving? Well, do so!"

—she faced round sharply—"and kill him! For that will be the end! He is delicate—look at him to-morrow and see! How long will he stand prison life, prison fare? And when you have wreaked your vengeance on him, when your miserable law has exacted even more than its penalty, may the memory of it never leave you! May you never have a day without thinking of it—never forget that your daughter and his are cursing you! Ah, that I was a man—"

"Amy! Stop!" His voice was hoarse.

"Stop—before you kill me! I—I will think it over. I will see if—anything can be done. But not now—not now! Come and see me to-morrow!"

To-morrow! It was only half a

At any rate, he could see what stuff he was made of.

It was a course altogether without precedent, and at best desperate hope. A weaker man would have hesitated; but he pressed forward vigorously, and soon reached his destination.

The governor of the great stone building was astonished when told that Sir Charles Deane had called on him. He wondered what could be the meaning of it.

Sir Charles explained briefly. The governor was more astonished. He fidgeted a little before replying and seemed at a loss for words. When he spoke his voice was low.

"A most extraordinary thing, my lord. A sad one, too, if all that I is true!" His voice sank to a whisper.

"I have only just heard, and do not know how it happened. Of course, there will be an inquiry."

Sir Charles gathered that he was being told of a tragedy. He bent forward so that he might miss nothing. What a mercy that he had entered into no detail!

"A terrible thing!" he murmured, when the other had finished. "Terrible! I—I was somehow attracted to the man. His manner, you know! I am deeply sorry!"

But even as he said it he knew that he lied. Was it not the way out—the deliverance?

He walked back a different man. His heart beat faster; his brain had thrown off the dead weight of despair that clogged it.

The world seemed changed. A new horizon—the old horizon—had come in view.

Not that the other side of it was lost on him. He realized gravely that to one at least it meant that all the beauty, all the light of life had been torn away—that to another, too young as yet to understand, its protector had gone.

But here again was there not a way out? Henceforth that one should be his own special care; that other should never, could he avoid it, realize the extent of its loss.

She was there when he arrived. He opened the door with a gentleness that was unusual in him, and tipped into the room. She came forward with a little cry, her hands held forth beseechingly. The dark-rimmed eyes held the question that the quivering lips could not utter.

"Amy, darling! You must be brave!" His voice broke, and he groped for words. "Brave little girl! He—he will not need my poor sympathy! He has taken his case to a Higher Judge!"

She heard to the end unflinchingly—dry-eyed.

"I—I am glad!" she whispered. Then suddenly the whole meaning of it came to her. She turned away with a strained little cry; and for an instant her heart seemed to stop beating.

"Oh, my poor Ronald!" she moaned; and the tears that had been denied her came in a great rush of relief. And the strongest judge on the Bench, drawing her head to his breast wept with her. So were they reconciled.—London Tit-Bits.

About theHouse

TESTED RECIPES.

Lemon Cream Salad—This is a delicious fruit salad, made by a popular caterer. Beat the yolks of three eggs very light; add gradually one small cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of flour, and the juice of two lemons. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in one and one-fourth cupfuls of boiling water; add the beaten egg mixture and boil until

fine, chopped onion, and salt and pepper to taste. This makes a delicious rich soup out of a part that is usually thrown away.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY.

Fondant.—Take two cups of sugar (one pound) and half a cup of water. Place these in a smooth agate saucepan, over the fire; stir until sugar is dissolved and the syrup begins to boil, then remove your paddle or spoon and be careful that you do not disturb the syrup again while boiling. As the boiling syrup throws crystals of sugar up on the sides of the saucepan; carefully wipe them off with a soft cloth dipped in cold water. Cover the saucepan and let the syrup boil five minutes. At this point add a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in cold water. Cook until you can form a soft ball between your thumb and fingers. When done pour the syrup out carefully, on an oiled meat platter or marble slab (do not oil it too close to the edge). When it wrinkles up when the platter or slab is tipped stir rapidly, one way, until you have a creamy white mass, then quickly knead with the hands into a ball, place in a bowl, cover and set away in a cool place until needed. It will keep several days. You can repeat this process until sufficient fondant has been made, but will find it always better to boil a smart quantity at a time.

A box of fine cream candies from a good confectioner will give you ideas of many varieties which may be made by adding to the fondant color and various flavoring essences. Many varieties of which may now be obtained at small cost. Many, however, prefer to keep their candy free from all such things, and dainty color and a variety of flavors may be obtained by the use of a small quantity of syrup from home preserved fruit. The yolk of an egg for yellow chocolate and strong coffee for brown, beet juice and cranberry juice for red and crimson, there is no end to the variety an ingenious worker can get out of the materials at hand in every household. Then a few nuts, dates, figs, raisins, a little peel, everything in fact that is good can be utilized. A very little practice will enable you to mold them satisfactorily. If the fondant gets a little dry and crumbly do not be worried, but knead it like bread or putty to a proper consistency, a little flavoring added will make it soft, or, if too soft, a little confectioners' sugar added will make it hard enough. Lay each cream when moulded on a piece of clean paper buttered or dusted with confectioners' sugar; do not let them touch each other until dry. Don't be disappointed if your candy has not the sharp moulded outlines of the factory-made creams for it will, instead, look like the expensive hand made creams turned out only by the best confectioners.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Bedrooms are furnished very simply nowadays. Carpets have been banished in many houses, and nothing is allowed in the way of hangings that may not easily be washed. The bedspread and bureau linens may be as elaborate as one chooses. Very handsome spreads are made of heavy linen sheets inset with heavy lace bands. Pillows are smaller and are usually kept by day in a box slipped under the bed. A round bolster with a cover to match the spread is substituted. Marseilles spreads are not in vogue at present, dimity and linen having taken their place to a large extent. Few people use the gay colored chintz spreads once so popular. People who are lucky enough to own them use old-fashioned pierced quilts, although strictly speaking, these are not appropriate except on old mahogany beds.

Order is a beautiful thing in the house, but, as a writer in a recent magazine points out, it is not al-

COLLECTING OF STAMPS

ONCE YOU GET THE HABIT
YOU GO ON FOREVER.

And Some 9,000,000 Persons in
the World Have It, More or
Less Acutely.

Nine millions is the figure at which a reliable English paper estimated the number of devotees of stamp collecting," said a well known devotee of this worldwide hobby. "And yet, while this seems to be a pretty big figure, it is not an exaggeration. In Germany alone, which leads the rest of the world in stamp collecting, fully 10 per cent. of the population is interested in stamps. This doesn't mean exactly that there are so many interested enough in the hobby to secure and retain whatever specimens may come their way from time to time.

France probably comes next to Germany, and is estimated to have more than a million stamp collectors. Then follows Austria, with about 800,000, while Enaland ranks fourth with 700,000 more. The United States is about fifth on the list, the collectors in that country being estimated from 600,000 to 700,000, with the number increasing rapidly."

Although stamp collecting is one of the youngest of leisure pursuits, its followers have multiplied so rapidly that they now dwarf the multitude of devotees of any similar hobby. Years ago the collecting of stamps was mostly confined to the young women and schoolboys. In later years older persons have become interested in it, until at present no one is immune from the fascination of gathering these little bits of engraved paper. Its disciples embrace every walk and condition of the

WORLD'S GREATEST MEN.

A peculiar feature of stamp collecting is that it is likely to attack one at any stage of life and it sometimes happens that the man who ridiculed the pastime when it first came to his notice later becomes an ardent disciple.

Stamp collectors advance all kinds of arguments to justify their hobby, the chief being that it results in the collector acquiring an intimate knowledge of the history and geography of the world, and so is an education in itself. Now this is undoubtedly true, for the advanced collector has these two subjects at his fingers' ends.

"Once a collector, always a collector," is a favorite saying among stamp enthusiasts. A man may have taken up collecting in his youth and dropped it when he grew older. But he is never secure from a return of the fever. Thus does the beginner acquire the habit.

First he asks questions and becomes interested in the high prices brought by rare varieties. Then he will buy one or two stamps here and there—"just to have a few specimens." Not long after this stage he will try to get one series together, and then he throws off all disguise and comes out into the open a full fledged collector, anything in stamps being fish for his net.

It is about sixty-five years now since the first postage stamp was issued. This was the penny imperforated stamp of Great Britain, in 1840. Two years later the New York City Despatch stamp, the first to be used in the United States, appeared.

France adopted the use of stamps in 1849; Austria and Spain in 1850. The next year Italy fell in line, followed a year later by Germany. Russia didn't begin their use until 1858.

Germany made but one change in the design of her stamps from 1852 up to 1900, since which time, however, she has issued three separate sets of imperial stamps and two distinct sets for each of her colonies. So extensive now are the German issues that a collector could occupy all his leisure moments in

ven
may the memory of it never leave
you! May you never have a day
without thinking of it—never forget
that your daughter and his are curs-
ing you! Ah, that I was a man—

"Amy! Stop!" His voice was
hoarse. "Stop—before you kill me!
I—I will think it over. I will see
if—anything can be done. But
not now—not now! Come and see me
to-morrow!"

"To-morrow! It was only half a
victory, and her heart ached; but
she was a woman—and his daughter.
"Father!" Her arms were round
him in a trice. "You have made
me happy! It is all I ask—that you
will think it over. And I know that
you will be merciful; I feel it—here!"
She put her hand over her throbbing
heart. "Good-bye—and Heaven be
good to you and me! Till to-mor-
row!"

She kissed him with lips that
burned his cheek and went, and his
lordship sank heavily into a chair.
Five years' separation, and at the end
—this! If the junior Bar could have
seen him as he sat head hanging for-
ward, eyes closed, in the vain effort
to blot out the memory of it, and
fingers closing and relaxing with the
sudden gusts of tempest in him, it
would have stared long in astonish-
ment. This the man of iron nerve!
This the man who had lost count of
joys or sorrows! This the machine
called Sir Charles Deane!

He sent his dinner away untouched,
and sat far into the night staring
hopelessly at the problem before him.
A problem? Yes, that is the right
word!

On the one hand, affection counsell-
ed him with strenuous voice to be
merciful—to throw all other consid-
erations to the winds. If he would re-
gain his daughter's love here was the
way—the only way. On the other,
obedience to duty claimed him. It
had played a strong part in his life,
and the call was loud.

Were the man and the woman any
other he knew well enough what
would be the end. The knowledge
that if he followed the dictates of
his heart he would be acting against
his convictions was gall and worm-
wood to him.

And he would inevitably be critic-
ized. They would say justly that
he had been swayed by personal con-
siderations—he who had endeavored
all his life to hold the scales of jus-
tice so evenly that none should com-
plain. At one stroke his reputation
would be gone. Midnight had long
struck when at length he trudged
wearily upstairs to rest.

Soon after the dawn came creeping
up in the east he rose and dressed.
Open-eyed he had lain the long night
through, his brain on fire and his
whole being racked with indecision.
To stay there longer was impossible;
physical action had become an impera-
tive need if he would save his sanity.
Putting on a light overcoat he
went out of the house. It was a
raw, chilly morning, but the nip of
winter in the air was grateful; even
the discomforting lash of rain in his
face came as a relief from the other.
Hillborough was just awakening.
The first workmen were hurrying off
to their places of toil, one or two
sleepy maids-of-all-work came to the
door as he passed and, uttering an
expressive "Ugh!" retreated with a
shiver, and boys carrying newspapers
under their arms hurried here and
there, urged to an alacrity that was
unusual by the need of warmth. But
none looked at him, or, if they did,
passed him by without notice. He
was glad. Recognition would have
meant stares and pointing fingers,
and he hated publicity.

More than ever he wished to avoid
it now. He pulled his coat up well
to his ears, and averted his face from
passer-by. A new idea had come to
him. He would walk as far as the
goal and see his son-in-law. Possibly
he might glean some fresh scrap of
information which would let him in-
cline with a free conscience towards

TESTED RECIPES.

Lemon Cream Salad—This is a de-
licious fruit salad, made by a pop-
ular caterer. Beat the yolks of
three eggs very light; add gradually
one small cupful of sugar, two tea-
spoonfuls of flour, and the juice of
two lemons. Melt one tablespoon-
ful of butter in one and one-fourth
cupfuls of boiling water; add the
beaten egg mixture and boil until
thick. Remove from the fire, cool,
and whip in one cupful of whipped
cream. Chop one large tart apple,
peeled and cut into small pieces,
with four sliced bananas and six
thick slices of canned pineapple.
Chill the fruit; mix it with the salad
dressing and heap on lettuce leaves
or serve in fancy fruit glasses.

Chicken Scallops—One quart of
prepared creamed chicken, heated
and made stiff by the addition of
three tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed
with as much melted butter; and
half a cupful of stewed and season-
ed mushrooms, drained, and two
tablespoonfuls of minced celery. But-
ter the scallop shells; sprinkle thick-
ly with fine bread crumbs; fill with
the stiff creamed chicken; cover with
crumbs; dot with butter, and brown
in a moderate oven.

Almond Islands—Beat the whites
of three eggs very stiff; add six
tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar,
half a teaspoonful of almond extract,
and half a cupful of chopped al-
monds. Turn into a buttered pud-
ding dish and steam twenty min-
utes. Serve with boiled custard.

Salted Pumpkin Seeds—These salt-
ed seeds, which are very popular
among the Italians, are sold on the
streets in the Italian quarter at a
penny a cupful. They are extremely
appetizing, and take the place of our
salted nuts. Wash the seeds free from
the sticky shreds which surround
them, then dry in the sun or in a
rather cool oven. When ready to
salt spread on a baking tin, salt
liberally, then set in a hot oven,
shaking and stirring often until
crisp.

Pumpkin Chips—Take what quan-
tity you choose of good sweet pump-
kin—the old Connecticut field pump-
kin makes the nicest sweetmeats—
halve it, take out the seeds, and cut
into chips the size of a dollar. For
each pound of the pumpkin allow a
pound of fine white sugar and a gill
of lemon juice. Put the chips in a
deep dish and sprinkle on each layer
a layer of the sugar. Turn the lemon
juice over the whole. Let it re-
main for a day, then boil the whole
together with a half pint of water
allowed to each three pounds of
pumpkin, a tablespoonful of ground
ginger tied up in bags, and the peel
of the lemons cut in shreds. When
the pumpkin becomes tender turn the
whole into a stone jar and set away
in a cool place for a week. At the
end of that time pour the syrup off
the chips, boil it down into a rich
syrup, then turn back, and seal.

Boiled Icing for Cakes—Two cups
of granulated sugar, one of water.
Whites of two eggs. Boil in a
saucepan until the syrup hardens
when dropped in ice water. Beat
the whites of the eggs to a stiff
froth and drop a little at a time of
the hot syrup in, beating steadily
all the time. After all the syrup
has been poured in beat a few drops
of vanilla in. Spread on the cake
at once. Care must be taken that
the syrup is boiled to just the right
point. If it cooks too long the icing
will be stiff and dry; if not long
enough it will soak into the cake.

Sponge Drops—Beat to a froth
three eggs and one cup of sugar.
Stir into this one heaping cup of
sifted flour, in which two teaspoon-
fuls of baking powder have been
mixed. Butter tin sheets with wash-
ed butter (free from salt) and drop
in teaspoonfuls three inches apart.
Bake in a quick oven. Flavor with
vanilla.

Soup made from Turkey Bones—
Put the bones in a boiler with about
two quarts of water, and boil until
all the substance is out of them,
and then take them out. Add to
the soup one tablespoonful of rice,

spread is substituted. Marseilles
spreads are not in vogue at present,
dimity and linen having taken their
place to a large extent. Few peo-
ple use the gay colored chintz
spreads once so popular. People
who are lucky enough to own them
use old-fashioned pierced quilts, al-
though strictly speaking, these are
not appropriate except on old mahog-
any beds.

Order is a beautiful thing in the
house, but, as a writer in a recent
magazine points out, it is not al-
ways understood properly. She
says: "The order that makes for
restfulness and for comfort is vital.
It cannot exist in crowded rooms.
Furniture is made to be used and
books are made to be read. If the
disarranging of a room or the mis-
placing of a book upsets the order
something is wrong and that some-
thing is the crowded condition. Get
rid of the superfluous. Most rooms
have too many pieces of furniture,
and all rooms have too many
things."

If a double layer of brown paper
is put under oilcloth on shelves or
tables, it will wear three times as
long as if laid directly on the wood.

Boiled starch is much improved by
the addition of a little salt or dis-
solved gum arabic. A useful thing
to remember is that the iron will
not stick to the clothes if the starch
used has been mixed with soapy wa-
ter.

To ward off a cold first bathe the
feet in hot water and drink a pint
of hot lemonade. Then sponge with
salt water every three hours. Fourth,
inhale ammonia or menthol. Fifth,
take four hours' exercise in the open
air. A ten-grain dose of quinine will
usually break up a cold in the be-
ginning. Anything that will set
the blood actively in circulation
will do it. But better than all if
your cold is inveterate or serious
consult your doctor, and at once.

WITHDRAW BRITISH TROOPS.

**Army of Occupation to be Re-
placed by Native Forces.**

It has been decided by the British
Government that the army of occu-
pation shall be practically with-
drawn from Egypt. The native army
will be left in possession, and a new
police force will be created.

The command of the British force
in Egypt now held by Major-General
J. R. Slade will be abolished, and a
minor officer will act as military
commandant over a British garrison
at Cairo. For a year this garrison
will consist of a field battery and two
battalions. There will be a further
reduction subsequently.

The new police force, which is to be
called the Egyptian Military Mounted
Police, will consist of the present of
about 100 men, half of whom sail in
the Dunera from Southampton short-
ly. The force will be under the com-
mand of Captain C. Burroughs, of
the Dublin district staff.

The withdrawal of British troops is
approved by Lord Cromer, Lord Kit-
chener, and the finance authorities.
Egypt pays £87,000 a year for the
loan of British troops, a sum which
will now be greatly reduced. It will
be remembered that Great Britain
gave a pledge to withdraw the troops
as soon as the country could take
care of itself.

The Egyptian army, which is in an
efficient state, will remain as it is
at present constituted, with British
officers in command, and under the
orders of a British Sirdar.

Nine years ago the army was 12,-
000 strong. To-day it numbers over
18,000 men.

Venice is built upon seventy-two is-
lands.

Irish Barrister (addressing the
Bench)—"Your honor, I shall first
absolutely prove to the jury that the
prisoner could not have committed
the crime with which he is charged.
If that does not convince the jury,
I shall show that he was insane
when he committed it. If that fails,

in 1879; Austria and Spain in 1850.
The next year Italy fell in line, fol-
lowed a year later by Germany.
Russia didn't begin their use until
1858.

Germany made but one change in
the design of her stamps from 1852
up to 1900, since which time, how-
ever, she has issued three separate
sets of imperial stamps and two dis-
tinct sets for each of her colonies.
So extensive now are the German is-
sues that a collector could occupy
all his leisure moments in

COMPLETING A SERIES.

There has also been a great simi-
larity of design in the Austrian
stamps; they have borne the por-
trait of Emperor Francis Joseph for
the last forty-six years. Russia has
not changed the design of her stamp
since she first began to use them in
1858. The Hong Kong issues also
were of the same design from 1860
up to 1903, when a different set was
issued.

When stamp collecting was in its
infancy a collection comprising 1,000
varieties was thought to be fairly
complete. But now the fad has
spread to such an extent that the
possessor of a collection of that
size would regard it as the merest
foundation. A complete collection
now, embracing a stamp of every
kind ever issued, would number
about 25,000 varieties, and would
cost, at catalogue price, about \$200-
000.

There is one collector who has
at least 40,000 stamps in his col-
lection, yet the single varieties num-
ber few more than 19,000. He has
many duplicates, in different shades
and plate numbers, and blocks of
from four to ten of each kind.

Another collector, not content with
accumulating ordinary varieties, goes
so far as to collect forgeries and
counterfeits, and pays a great deal
of attention to minor details which
escape the notice of the average col-
lector.

But there is really no such thing
as a complete stamp collection, for
the reason that there are so many
directions into which the hobby may
branch out that it becomes illimit-
able. For example, an accumulation
of samples of all the different kinds
of stamps that have been used on
boxes of matches and bottles of med-
icine would furnish variety enough
to take up the entire time of a col-
lector.

Collectors at first confined them-
selves to the stamps issued for pur-
poses of postage. As time went on,
the field widened until it included
those used for revenue, and this
branch has been followed in turn by
the pursuit of stamps used by busi-
ness houses and steamship lines.
These fields having been exhausted,
collectors are now looking around
for fresh fields to conquer and are
willing to include stamps of any
character whatever. The latest to
be drawn into the fold are match
and medicine stamps.

THE JOKE THAT FAILED.

A mean trick was played by two
young fellows on a neighbor who had
a liking for flute music.

"What say you?" said one. "Let
us hire a hand-organ to play for sev-
eral hours in front of his house."

"Agreed," replied the other.

The hand-organ, of a very squeaky
tone, was hired, and hour after hour
doled out a mournful tune in front
of the residence of the gentleman,
who, much to the disgust of the two
young men, gave no sign of being
annoyed. The organ-grinder had re-
ceived the sum agreed upon for the
work, while the two young men
had watched the proceedings very
intently from a neighboring door-
way. The postman passed them at
length and was let into the secret.

"The gentleman for whom you are
giving this entertainment will not
appreciate the joke," said the post-
man.

"And why not?" asked one of the
jokers.

"Because his family and himself
left home early this morning for a

DOUBLES OF CRIMINALS

RESEMBLANCES THAT PUZZLED THE POLICE.

Great Criminals, Like Other Celebrities, Have Their Doubles.

When Ned Kelly, the famous bush-ranger, was operating in New South Wales, other bandits used to impersonate him and "bail up" solitary stockmen, knowing full well—such was the terror he had succeeded in inspiring in all classes of the community—that no resistance would be offered.

One result of this was that the redoubtable Ned was continually being reported as having committed crimes in different parts of the Colony, with the bulk of which he had had, as a matter of fact, nothing whatever to do, thereby, of course, greatly adding to the difficulties and perplexities of the police.

One night in the autumn of 1863 the police were called to a low beer-house in the Saffron Hill quarter of "Little Italy." A man had been stabbed to death, and a Neapolitan organ-grinder, Pellizioni by name, was pointed out by some of the bystanders as the guilty party. He was arrested, tried in due course before Mr. Baron Martin, at the Old Bailey, found guilty, and sentenced to the gallows. The case, indeed, seemed perfectly clear. Yet Pellizioni, both before and after conviction, stoutly maintained his innocence.

INNOCENT SAVED BY GUILTY.

He was, he affirmed, the victim of the Camorra, which had instigated his arrest in order to shield the individual really guilty, and who was one of their members, which he was not. To most people this seemed the veriest clap-net. But those who knew something of the inner life of Little Italy thought otherwise.

Certain of Pellizioni's compatriots interested themselves in his behalf. And ultimately Justice was saved from committing official murder by the production of one Gregorio Mogini, who confessed that he, and not Pellizioni, had struck the fatal blows.

It became evident then, when the two men were placed side by side, how the mistake had arisen. In form, figure, and face Pellizioni and Mogini were the doubles of one another. Even a scar on the former's neck was duplicated on the neck of the latter.

Such close resemblances as this are happily rare, but criminals not infrequently "make up" to duplicate one another.

"HARRY THE VALET'S" DOUBLE

Thus, at the time when detectives were seeking in every likely and unlikely place for the notorious "Harry the Valet," the criminal guilty of the theft of the Duchess of Sutherland's jewels, the authorities at Scotland Yard were dumfounded by the receipt of a message informing them that their man was at that very moment disporting himself openly at a notorious West-End night club. Half a dozen officers were dispatched there forthwith, but only to find, on their arrival, that the man who was posing as "The Valet" before an admiring circle of male and female "crooks" was a very ordinary sneak thief indeed, whose ambition had never soared higher than picking an unsuspecting woman's pocket, or looting a suburban shopkeeper's till during the temporary absence of the owner.

The case of the Hatton Garden diamond robbery of 1886, when Mr. Tabak, a dealer in precious stones, was brutally maltreated and robbed by a man named Toussaint, differs from any of the preceding. This outrage was really engineered by an individual named Adolph Weiner, a man of some wealth and substance. The police found out this much. But they had no knowledge of Weiner himself.

OUTWITTING THE OFFICER.

"Didn't you ever hear of a cat being used for smuggling?" asked the steward of one of the big ocean liners as he sat down to spin a little sea yarn.

"No? Well, it's a fact. Not long ago it happened that the ship's carpenter had picked up a lot of fine cigars that he wanted to sneak in without paying for the privilege. He didn't know quite how to manage it; but just as we got to port an idea struck him.

"A carpenter always has a sort of case called a 'bass' that he carries his tools in. When this one got ready to go ashore he put one of the ship's cats into his bass and swung it carelessly over his shoulder on the handle of his hammer. As he came down the plank the first thing he did was to run into a Customs inspector.

"What have you got in your bass?" demanded the inspector.

"Nothin' but a cat, sir," replied the carpenter, starting on.

"Open your bass and let's see," said the other, eyeing the bass suspiciously.

"I can't, sir; I'd lose my cat," replied the carpenter.

"This settled it with the inspector. He smelt a fine case of smuggling. He insisted, and the carpenter, with much grumbling, swung down his bass and opened it, when sure enough out jumped a cat and made a dash back to the ship.

"There, I told you you'd make me lose the cat!" said the carpenter.

"The carpenter went back to get his cat, and when he returned was permitted to pass; and the inspector has never yet guessed that this time, instead of a cat, there were a lot of fine cigars inside the bass."

PRAYER AND TELEPATHY.

Remarkable Story of Incident in South African War.

A remarkable story of the Boer war was told by the Rev. J. H. James, of Yeovil, at Hanley Tabernacle, England. During the struggle in South Africa, he said, a father prayed daily for his son, who was at the front. One night, moved by a strange impulse, the elder man felt constrained to remain in prayer until the morning. The next mail brought news of what had happened that particular night. The son was on that date taken out of hospital, where, unknown to his father, he had been down with enteric, and placed in the mortuary, among the dead. The hospital doctor, however, was possessed by a peculiar uneasiness and could not rest. Going to the nurse who had ordered the removal of the body, he asked if she was sure the patient was dead. Notwithstanding her assertion to that effect, the doctor proceeded to the mortuary, to find that, after all, there was still breath in the supposed dead body. The patient was taken back to hospital, and eventually recovered.

MARRIED HIS NURSE.

Sequel to a Shooting Accident on a Scottish Moor.

A romantic marriage took place the other day at St. George's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh. The bride was Miss Georgina Mackay, daughter of the late Mr. Murdoch Mackay, of Castleton, Caithness, and the bridegroom, Captain Leonard Ropner, J. P., youngest son of Sir Robert Ropner, M.P., of Preston Hall, Stockton-on-Tees, Durham, and Skutheraik, Hutton Rudby, North Yorkshire. A little over a year ago Captain Ropner, when shooting with a party of friends on the moors in Perthshire, met with a serious accident. One of the guns went off accidentally at close range, blowing the lower part of his left leg almost to pieces. A Birmingham doctor, who formed one of the party, was able

JAPANESE WAR PIGEONS

LOFTS WERE ESTABLISHED SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

Scouts Mounted and on Bicycles Carry Mounted Cages With Birds.

Such is the exigency of war that even the gentle dove of peace is pressed into its service, says Black and White. The part played by these birds and the yeoman service they rendered in the South African War will still be fresh in the memories, and, notwithstanding the advent and progress of wireless telegraphy, "the faithful messenger" is again seeing active service, this time with the Japanese and Russian forces.

With a far-seeing forethought, the necessity of which is only now apparent the Japs some five years ago established their military and naval lofts, and by repeated experiments since then they have organized a system calculated to bring forth the highest qualities of the pigeons with which their lofts were stocked. Many centuries before the "winged messenger" found its way into England, a bird known as the Oriental pigeon was used in Eastern Asia, and descendants of this race are still to be met with in China.

Recourse was at first had by our allies to this strain, but the Oriental pigeon was almost instantly discarded in favor of the bird now used by England and the Continental powers. High officials in the Japanese navy visited this country and returned with many of the choicest birds London and fanciers in the Midlands could supply. These safely withstood the long journey East, and are the parents of the birds now on active service. They have quickly become acclimated, and with the clearer and less humid atmosphere have accomplished performances even more favorable than in the Old Country.

FRIGHTENING OFF HAWKS.

A great obstacle, and one which at first was considered fatal to the formation of a reliable service of messengers, has melted away. The natural enemy of the pigeon, the hawk, has made havoc among the Chinese pigeons, and the remedy adopted in that country of scaring off these birds of prey by attaching a light bamboo whistle to the pigeon's tail feathers was not within the bounds of consideration from a military point of view. The shrill sound made by these whistles as the birds darted through the air in their efforts to escape capture would have been fatal to their use. The remedy came with the adoption of the English racing pigeon. This bird, being built on more speedy lines, was found to outdistance the hawk in a stern chase, and unless the latter was in the upper reaches of the air, and was thus enabled to swoop down on its prey, its terror no longer existed.

The actual pigeons imported by Japan were of necessity kept prisoners, and were used entirely for stock purposes. Had they been given their liberty they would, in all probability have been lost in a vain attempt to regain their old homes. Being prolific breeders, however, it was but a few months before their young were domiciled at numerous small lofts situated near the western coast line, and to these lofts a regular service of "homers" now carry despatches from the warships. Each vessel leaving port is now furnished with a supply of birds, packed in flat wicker baskets with openings at the side for feeding and watering. When it is required to send a message ashore, the birds liberated are those belonging to the loft which is nearest to the vessel's position.

It has been found that birds liberated at sea will rise to a height of fourteen hundred feet, this being far in excess of the altitude reached by a pigeon when flying across land. They moreover share a more direct

paper. These contrary to the general impression, are not tied round the bird's neck, but are rolled and placed in a celluloid holder, fastened by two clips to the bird's leg, and are thus carried close under the tail of the bird when it is in flight. The total weight of this carrier, which is manufactured by a Belgium firm is under four grams.

The speed of the pigeon is another point which may be easily understood. Although it is true that under certain circumstances a pigeon will fly 2,300 yards a minute, or nearly eighty miles an hour, yet this is only accomplished under exceptionally favorable conditions; 1,400 yards a minute, or fifty miles an hour, being a fairer average. This, however, must not be taken to mean that the pigeon normally flies the distance between two places fifty miles apart in an hour, as owing to its not flying in an absolute straight line it would probably take seventy-five minutes to accomplish the distance. For this reason forty miles an hour is the speed usually credited to the birds. Distances up to three hundred miles it would cover at the same rate, but above that the average would often be much lower, owing to the birds not being able to fly after dark. Whenever possible they are liberated at such an hour as enables them to regain their loft upon the same day, the risk of capture and the despatch falling into the enemy's hands being then reduced to a minimum.

KAISER TAKES CREDIT.

But Other Men Are the Authors of His Productions.

"He has talents, undoubtedly, but they are creative only in giving work to others, the product passing for his own in the end. As Herren von Moltke and Philip Eulenberg are the real authors of his 'Song to Aegir,' so Professor Knackfuss, in Cassel, composes his cartoons, though being credited only with their technical execution.

The late Court Chaplain Frommel used to write the Imperial sermons delivered with so much eclat on the deck of the yacht Hohenzollern; officers of the military household prepare William's lectures, and the artist Karl Saltzmann paints his landscape and marine views."

This remarkable passage from a book lately published will cause a good deal of unkind gossip in the capital of the Kaiser.

Written by a lady-in-waiting, "The Private Lives of William II. and his Consort," professes to give the inner history of the German court up to the present day.

Their Majesties intensely dislike seeing servants about the palace. Here is a sidelight:—

Her Majesty being so fastidious about girls in her room (when the Kaiser is present) as William is about man-servants, she is now obliged to make her own fire in the grate on chilly mornings whenever her husband is at home. What a parody on royal state this—the Empress-Queen getting up in her "nightie," and in the cold and damp, to light her own fire! Verily, truth is stranger by far than fiction.

SPEED OF A TYPHOON.

Frenchman's Fast Ship May Cross Atlantic in a Day.

Five hundred knots an hour is the speed which M. Andre Gambin, a Paris inventor, claims will be attained by a boat, which he has patented, but not yet built.

M. Gambin appropriately calls his invention the "Typhoonoid" and states that the time is not far distant when people will be able to breakfast in London and dine in New York.

By means of a water-sucking cone placed in front of the ship, a vacuum is created, and the vessel is drawn forward by pneumatic suction. It flies, as it were, through a vacuum, turr

Tabak, a dealer in precious stones, was brutally maltreated and robbed by a man named Toussaint, differs from any of the preceding. This outrage was really engineered by an individual named Adolph Weiner, a man of some wealth and substance. The police found out this much. But they had no knowledge of Weiner himself.

TOUSSAINT WAS ARRESTED, and while in prison awaiting trial he was approached by emissaries of Weiner, who prevailed upon him to try to hoodwink the authorities into the belief that he (Toussaint) and Weiner were one and the same person. To this Toussaint agreed, provided that Weiner and the rest of the gang—for there were many people who were privy to the conspiracy—would promise to look after his wife while he was serving whatever sentence he received.

In due course Toussaint was brought to trial, and was sent into penal servitude for fifteen years—about three times as long as he expected. His "pals" outside, too, neglected to fulfil their part of the contract. And the upshot of the whole matter was that Toussaint confessed the trick he had been persuaded into perpetrating.

Wholesale arrests followed in different parts of London, no fewer than thirty-five persons being placed under lock and key. Of these, not all were adjudged worth prosecuting.

Adolph Weiner got seven years; a man named Palmer, who assisted Toussaint in the commission of the robbery, ten years; and three of the other members of the gang five years apiece. Toussaint, in consideration of the evidence he had volunteered, had his sentence annulled and was set at liberty—a most unusual course of procedure, and which aroused a good deal of hostile criticism.

TWO SUFFER FOR ONE CRIME.

But, perhaps, the most extraordinary of all the many cases of criminal representation, voluntary and involuntary, is that connected with the murder of the courier of the Lyons mail by a bandit named Duboscq, and for which his double, a certain Jean Lesurques, was executed. The unhappy man died protesting his innocence, and also wrote from the condemned cell to the papers, imploring the real criminal to see to the future of his three young children.

Four years later Duboscq was arrested for another offence, and the fatal resemblance that had existed between the dead man and the living one became at once apparent. The judge, who had sentenced Lesurques, the witnesses who had identified him, freely admitted their mistake when confronted with the new suspect.

In the end Duboscq was tried for the murder, found guilty, and guillotined; so that there was witnessed the unusual occurrence of two men suffering for one crime.

Some time afterwards the "rehabilitation" of the memory of the unhappy Lesurques and of his family was ordered by royal decree; and his property, which had been sequestered, was restored to his next-of-kin.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

HOW IT SHOULD BE USED.

Two moulders were once out of work, and were at their wits' end what to do for a living.

At last one of them conceived an idea. They went to the place where they used to work and begged some sand, which they made up into packets, and sold them as "a certain destroyer of beetles." They had no difficulty in disposing of them.

An old lady bought the last packet, and asked how to use it.

One of the men then said: "Well, as you have bought the last packet I will tell you. You first of all catch the beetle, tickle it with a feather till it laughs, then drop some of the sand down its throat and choke it."

Yorkshire. A little after two years ago Captain Ropner, when shooting with a party of friends on the moors in Perthshire, met with a serious accident. One of the guns went off accidentally at close range, blowing the lower part of his left leg almost to pieces. A Birmingham doctor, who formed one of the party, was able to render the necessary first aid to prevent Captain Ropner from bleeding to death. He was removed to the shooting lodge of his host, and it was then found necessary to amputate the leg just above the knee. Miss Mackay, who is of good family, was the nurse called in, and attended to her patient till he was able to be removed to Preston Hall. Later she again nursed him when in the spring of this year he had to undergo a minor operation to his amputated limb.

A VERY LUCKY BABY.

Heir to the Richest Estate in all England.

After the lapse of twenty years the title of Earl Grosvenor has been revived recently by the arrival of a little stranger in the Duke of Westminster's family. The infant Earl Grosvenor is heir to the richest estate in land held by any one in England. The Westminster estate is not large in acreage. The Duke of Sutherland's is a hundredfold that of the Duke of Westminster, but more than a hundredfold less productive. The dual acres in Westminster bring in annually an increasing income in fines, premiums, improved ground rents and so on which can fall little short of £1,000 (\$5,000) a day. All the ground upon which Mayfair and Belgravia stand came to the Duke of Westminster through his ancestor's marrying a farmer's daughter at Ebury. This farmer was named Davis, and his cows used to graze in fields which now Grosvenor Square and Belgrave Square, the locality which has become the ultra-fashionable part of London.

A CONFIDENCE DOG.

A butcher narrated the other day a story illustrative of the intelligence of dogs.

"A patron of mine," he said, "had a collie that came to me one morning with a slip of paper in his mouth."

"Halloa, doggie!" said I, and the collie wagged his tail and dropped the paper on the floor at my feet. I opened it. It was a signed order from his master for a piece of sausage. I gave him the sausage. He ate it and went home.

"Time after time the collie came with these orders to me, and finally I stopped reading them. Each, I presumed, was for a sausage, and each procured a sausage. I suppose, all told, the dog got as many as twenty pounds of sausages from me in two months."

"But the master, when I presented my bill, kicked. He said he had only given the dog about a dozen orders, whereas I must have honored nearly a hundred."

"Well, the upshot was that the two of us got together and did a little detective work. We watched the dog. And do you know what we found? Why, we found that this cunning dog, whenever a sausage hunger seized him, would grab up a piece of white paper—any piece he could find—and bring it to me."

"I had been careless, you see, never looking at the paper, and through my carelessness the collie had fooled me for two months."

"Darling," exclaimed the happy husband after the minister had pronounced the fatal words, "I am not worthy of you." "Of course you are not," she replied; "but after a girl has celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday for five consecutive years she can't afford to be too particular."

required to send a message ashore, the birds liberated are those belonging to the loft which is nearest to the vessel's position.

It has been found that birds liberated at sea will rise to a height of fourteen hundred feet, this being far in excess of the altitude reached by a pigeon when flying across land. They, moreover, shape a more direct course, and generally make away without the numerous circlings so noticeable under different circumstances. This, doubtless, is largely due to the particular strain of birds in use, many of those imported from the Midland fancies having for generations been trained to fly across the English Channel from the French coast. The principle of the survival of the fittest, adopted by English breeders, would doubtless lead to a strain especially adapted for flying under the conditions mentioned.

ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL.

The arrival of a bird carrying a despatch at the Japanese naval lofts is announced by an ingenious arrangement of electric bells. After entering an outer cage the bird passes through a long box, opened at each end, before entering the loft itself. When an arrival is expected the loft of this box is closed with glass doors, and the weight of the bird on entering the box causes it to tilt sufficiently to allow a shutter to drop behind the pigeon, which is thus held captive. At the same moment an electric bell rings, and does not stop until the bird is removed from the box and relieved of its despatch, the latter being at once sent to headquarters, where its code is deciphered. As these birds are often kept in the basket aboard ship for several weeks, the messenger, on its arrival, is allowed to remain undisturbed in the loft for an equal period, in order that its love of home may be unimpaired; otherwise there would be an element of uncertainty when it was called upon for future service.

With an army on the march the use of pigeons as messengers has so far proved a failure, all experiments to get these birds to return to a loft continually on the move having been void of success. Japan has, however, with the tenacity of purpose for which she is famous scored a success with traveling lofts. Such lofts are stocked with birds as soon as they leave the nest, and the birds are kept confined within until required for use.

The whole loft is then transferred to the military base, or temporary post near the scene of operations, and the birds, then several months old, have liberty for the first time. Not having flown to another locality they quickly settle down to their new surroundings, and in a few days are familiar with the country for miles around. Every opportunity is seized to give them additional experience before being actually used in the service, and to keep open communications with an advance column or for scouting work, these travelling lofts have proved invaluable. Should, however, the base of operations be advanced or a temporary post abandoned the birds are at once discarded and a new loft transferred to the altered surroundings.

CARRIED BY SCOUTS.

Scouts both mounted and on cycle, each carry from four to six birds in a bamboo cage, slung after the fashion of a knapsack, and thus reports are sent back without the necessity of their leaving their posts of observation. For great distances two birds may be flown with the same despatch, but this is seldom required, the usual custom being to repeat each message on subsequent birds, so that the final pigeon liberated would not only carry his own but also a copy of messages sent by birds first liberated.

It must be understood that the flight of the pigeon would be seriously impeded were it to be burdened with any great weight and consequently despatches are written on especially prepared slips of rice

invention, the "Typhoonoid" and states that the time is not far distant when people will be able to breakfast in London and dine in New York.

By means of a water-sucking cone placed in front of the ship, a vacuum is created, and the vessel is drawn forward by pneumatic suction. It flies, as it were, through a vacuum, as letters do through the postal pneumatic tubes. The vessel will be shaped something like a swollen sugar-loaf, and will be partially or totally under water when travelling. The inventor bases his hopes on the achievements of a working model.

"The principle is workable, and the ship would go," declared Sir Hiram Maxim, "but if it went more than five miles an hour I should be surprised."

"Merely to double the speed of a ship means that the vessel will strike twice as many tons of water in a minute, and will strike each ton twice as hard."

"Consequently, four times the energy is required to drive the ship over a given distance at the double speed, and as the engines have only half as much time to generate four times as much power, they would have to be eight times as powerful."

"Once upon a time," concluded Sir Hiram grimly, "I made a little gun, which I claimed would be about twice as effective as other guns. It was. Later a man who had never made a gun in his life constructed a very large one, using no machinery except a Remington typewriter. This man, not being troubled by any mathematical laws, said his gun was 50,000 times as effective as my gun. It was not. That is my moral."

VIENNA'S GREAT HOSPITAL.

One of the Most Complete Organizations of Its Kind.

When the new hospital in Vienna, of which the foundation stone was recently laid by the Emperor of Austria, is completed, it will form quite a town in itself. The total area covered is 2,400,000 square feet, and there will be forty separate buildings, of which thirty-two will be clinics or hospitals, and the remaining eight will be devoted to offices and residences for the staff. All the clinics, says the Marconigram, will have flat roofs with gardens, so that patients, particularly consumptives, can be in the open air as much as possible. Each patient will have 1,000 square feet of space, the largest proportion of space allotted to a patient in any hospital in the world. The ultimate cost will be from \$7,000,000 to \$8,000,000. The hospital will be on the "pavillion" or "cottage" plan.

Each pavillion, with its sick wards operating and lecture rooms, will form a hospital by itself, and of these there will be eighteen. The hospital will have 2,300 beds. The magnificent operating rooms will be of a new type. In the clinics for infectious diseases the patient will be separated from the professor and the student by a glass partition. A number of medical students will live in the hospital for the purpose of close study and observation. The latest technical achievements will be utilized throughout the institution.

SNAILS PULL A CART.

For the sake of amusement a little French boy caught two snails, to the back of each of which he glued a bent pin; then, when the glue was hardened he fastened to each a piece of thread, the ends of which he attached to a little tin cart on wheels. This cart and the snails he placed on a level surface and waited to see what would happen. After a time the snails started to move, stopping for a moment when the thread became taut; then they commenced to draw the cart, apparently without any effort, even though the heaviness of it was increased later on by the addition of a two-pound weight.

MADMAN'S QUEER TRICK

TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT OF A FRENCHMAN.

He Was Lured Into a Fortune Chamber by Insane Showman.

A terrible experience, almost worthy of inclusion among the fantastic stories of Edgar Allan Poe, happened to a travelling photographer, named Abraham Frank, aged thirty-six, in the suburban town of Montreuil, France.

In that place, in a temporary shed in the Rue St. Mande, No. 30, there lived an eccentric individual, named Ardouin, an old soldier and a retired showman. He had dabbled much in electricity, and had fixed up in his shed a number of storage batteries.

He had known Frank for some years, and learning that he was on the fair ground at the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, with his photographic booth, he called on him, and invited him to come and see an extraordinary photographic "trick" apparatus, which, he explained, he had received from America, and which, he said, was destined to create a sensation if exhibited publicly.

Thinking that he might see something that would be of interest to him in his profession, Frank agreed to go, and accompanied the old showman to his shanty.

STRANGE APPARATUS.

He was shown a large black box fitted up like a telephone call-box. It was built up on three sides, and the fourth side was left open. In this box there hung a number of copper wires, with hoops of brass for the hands and feet, and a brass cap for the head.

After explaining the extraordinary effects that the apparatus would produce, Ardouin told his visitor to try it for himself. Suspecting nothing, Frank stepped into the box and fitted his hands and feet into the loops and inserted his head into the brass cap. Ardouin went behind the box and in an instant, before Frank knew what had happened Ardouin pulled all the loops so tight that he was unable to move.

"What are you doing? What are you doing? Let me go!" he shouted in great alarm, for the wires hurt him, and he was unable to move hand or foot. But the old showman merely laughed diabolically, and going outside the shed switched on the

ELECTRIC CURRENT.

Frank received a violent shock, and began to suffer most excruciating pain. He tried to scream, but was unable to utter a sound. His teeth chattered against each other, as though he suffered intense cold, but all he could do was to utter loud groans.

A strong electric current was rushing through his body. After a quarter of an hour of intense agony, which seemed eternity to the unfortunate Frank, the old showman reappeared. His eyes were blazing with the light of madness. In one hand he held an open razor and a small white jug, and in the other a small pistol.

"You scoundrel, I have long waited for this moment, but your death shall be useful," said the madman to his helpless victim. "Your death shall serve a scientific purpose. With this razor I am going to open your veins, and gather your electrified blood in this jug while the current is at full tension. I do not want to kill you outright, for that would spoil my experiment; but if you stir, I shall shoot you."

ESCAPE AT LAST.

With a supreme effort, Frank wrenched one foot free and attempted to kick off the madman as he approached him to put his threat into execution. In doing so Frank overturned the box and fell with the madman under him. The shock of

RULES WITH BAGPIPES.

The Undisputed Monarch of Tierra del Fuego.

In new kilts and plaid and playing a pibroch of triumph on his pipes, John Farquharson Macrae, formerly of Scotland, but now of Tierra del Fuego, strode the gangway of the Oruba at Liverpool the other day, bound once more for South America. During twenty-two years, spent for the most part among the hostile natives of the Land's End of the Western Continent, John Farquharson Macrae clung to his pipes as he clung to his Scottish accent. When he had no human companion to converse with, his pibroch resounded over the waters of the Magellan Strait.

As a youth he left his native heath for Argentina and reared cattle. After a few years he found himself in possession of over five hundred horses and a couple of thousand sheep.

These animals he trekked over two thousand miles, with the aid of a compass and chart, to Southern Patagonia. He watered and fed his flocks and herds by the way with only five men to assist him, but at the end of a year of hunger and thirst and fatigue he found himself in possession of a fine stretch of country over 80,000 acres in extent. After leasing this land for ten years, he sought fresh territory, and trekked over into Tierra del Fuego.

He was the first Briton to penetrate into the country, and the natives resented the intrusion. The tall Aonas, the stunted Yaghans came in herds, attacked his little cattle, and lay in wait for him with arrows.

An intrepid rider and an unerring shot, however, he would ride away concealed by the horse's body and shooting with deadly effect. For several years he carried his life in his hands, but at last the savages began to regard him with such respect and fear that they christened him "Sorto," the native equivalent for "the devil."

For some years past the Scottish pioneer has been undisputed monarch of Tierra del Fuego, where he has amassed a fortune. It is with the bagpipes that he rules.

THEY MAKE NO DEFENCE

CRIMINALS WHO DO NOT UNDERSTAND ENGLISH.

Instances Where Foreigners Have Been Tried Without Pleading.

It is not an uncommon thing for the police to arrest an alien on a charge, the nature of which the prisoner does not know, simply because nobody can be found who is capable of interpreting it. In nearly all such cases the charge has to be proceeded with, although the prisoner has not been able to plead "Not Guilty!" or otherwise.

Quite recently a young man was arrested at the sea-port town of Plymouth for an assault upon a publican, says London Answers.

When taken before the magistrates, the proceedings were most difficult to conduct, as it was found that the prisoner could not understand the charge. Eventually the prisoner, who was believed to hail from some part of Russia, was committed for trial. When the case came before the Recorder, the prosecutor maintained that the prisoner was shamming ignorance; but the learned Recorder ordered a remand, so that an interpreter might be obtained. Accordingly the unhappy man was taken back to gaol, and for a few days his grief was intense.

ALIENS IN PORT.

The governor, sympathizing with the man, took the case in hand, and by means of drawings on a slate and dumb actions he learnt that the prisoner was under the impression that

JAPANESE ARMY OUTFIT

MOST CAREFUL OF THE HEALTH OF THEIR MEN.

Soldier's Outfit Taken to England in Behalf of Red Cross Society.

Miss McCaul, who saw much of the British soldier on service in South Africa, and of the working of the medical department of the British army, was recently commissioned by the Queen to go to Japan to inquire into the working of the Japanese Red Cross Society. According to the British Medical Journal, she brought back with her to England the complete outfit of a soldier of the Japanese Imperial Guard, which was presented to her by General Terachi, the Minister of War, together with samples of the food supplied to the soldier on active service.

These various articles, which have been inspected by the King, who has expressed great interest in the many ingenious devices they present, will shortly be exhibited at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall. They are worthy of the most careful study by all military officers and afford a striking example of the care and strong common sense with which the health and comfort of the soldier are considered by those responsible for his outfit and the minute attention to detail which is characteristic of the Japanese army.

THE COMPLETE OUTFIT

comprises both winter and summer uniforms and underclothing, overcoats, puttees and boots, gloves and hoods, knapsack, haversack, water bottle, mess tin and canteen, a grass woven case to contain the ration of rice, blanket, portable tent, mosquito net for the head, housewife, bandage wrapper, and identification label. There is even a tin box containing creosote pills, which each soldier must carry and is expected to take as a prophylactic against dysentery.

One notable feature of all the clothing is that it is apparently made of the best material. The material for winter clothing appears to be all wool, and in color and warmth reminds one of the brownish Jaeger clothing.

In the neat blue parade uniform, jacket or tunic, plain flat brass buttons are used, but in the working kit buttons are done away with as far as possible, fastenings being in nearly all instances carried out by means of flat hooks and eyes. The summer jacket and trousers are of khaki drill, the jacket is perfectly plain and there are no buttons on any of the garments. A strip of white linen is issued to wind round the neck as a collar inside the tunic.

A mosquito net "helmet," or head covering, in addition to its value as a preventive of malaria, is a great comfort in summer, when there are many flies. That issued to the Japanese soldier is made of green netting, stretched on two circles of cane so as to make a long drum with one end knocked out, into which

THE HEAD IS PASSED.

The two rings of cane are kept apart by a wire spring, which allows the drum to be flattened and buttoned down for carriage.

The winter tunic and trousers are made plain, like the khaki suit, but are of good woollen cloth.

The "cold proof" winter overcoat merits some description, for it seems to be devised to insure warmth in the most severe climate. Made of thick woollen cloth, it has a large collar covered with fur, which is of course inside when the collar is raised. From the middle of the edge of this collar a cotton cap or hood can be pulled out so as to cover the head, and over this can be worn the ample detached woollen "cold proof" hood, which from its shape and long ends to wrap round the neck recalls the hoods of Chaucer's time. Hanging by cords from the neck are large gloves or mittens—one division for all the fingers and one for the thumb; they can thus be

Mainwaring's Visitor

"So you have come at last?" said Herbert Mainwaring.

"As you see," said the visitor. Mainwaring raised himself on his elbow, and scrutinised the new-comer. Then he laughed bitterly.

"So you are quite an ordinary individual after all!" he said.

"Oh, quite!" said the visitor, and there was silence for a while.

"I have been waiting for you—seeking for you for years," said Mainwaring at last, speaking deliberately now, evidently with increasing difficulty. "But I thought to find in you someone—well, someone rather imposing. I had a right to expect that, you know, for you parted Elise and I. And, great Heaven! now that we meet you grin at me, and I—I am a sick man."

The visitor still smiled complacently, despite the fact that the man in bed had lashed himself into a fury.

"I may not be much to look at," he said: "still, there is something irresistible about me."

"Pah!"

The invalid made a movement as if he would have struck at his visitor; but the nerveless arm fell impotent at his side. He was very weak.

He lay quite still for some time, his burning eyes fixed on the cold, impassive face of the other occupant of the sick-room.

"Shall I tell you what you are?" Mainwaring asked at last.

"As you please."

"Well, then, you're a most infernal coward. We were happy enough, Elise and I, until you came between us. She was all the world to me. I was everything to her. We were content to live simply and solely for each other. Then your accursed shadow fell on our path. I saved her from you once, you remember, when you were with her in the carriage, and the horses ran away? But you triumphed in the end, with your schemes and your craven persistence. And she—she went away with you!"

Mainwaring's manhood left him for a moment; his voice broke in a sob. But still his visitor smiled sardonically, as, indeed, he had done all through the interview.

"When that happened," the weak voice of the sick man continued, "I swore I would never rest till I found you—the cause of my ruined happiness. Life had no savour left for me without Elise. There was but one thing left for me to do—to find you. And oh! I have searched for you for so many, many years, but I was always disappointed. You seemed to escape me by hair's-breadths."

"When you were away at the war I followed you, and out there I even saw you; but you always managed to avoid me."

"How I longed to get at you, then! I wanted to meet you to face while I was yet a strong and healthy man. The coward would, perhaps, have been more equal then. But no, the crowning insult is mine. I meet my enemy and am powerless!"

The weak voice dragged itself into silence at the end of a sobbing sigh.

Then Mainwaring turned almost fiercely on his visitor.

"It was like you," he said bitterly, "to force yourself upon such a man as I am now. Why did you come? Was it to gloat over your triumph? Was it that you might enjoy your joke to the full? If so, the laugh is with you. Oh, yes; the laugh is with you!"

"It always is," said the visitor, bending over the bed now; "but I did not come to gloat. I came to fetch you, for it is time, and Elise awaits you."

A beautiful smile lit up the face of Herbert Mainwaring and he and his visitor passed out of the chamber together.

to get you outright, for that would spoil my experiment; but if you stir, I shall shoot you."

ESCAPE AT LAST.

With a supreme effort Frank wrenched one foot free and attempted to kick off the madman as he approached him to put his threat into execution. In doing so Frank overturned the box and fell with the madman under him. The shock of the fall caused the copper wires to snap, and Frank found himself free. The madman managed, however, to discharge his pistol, and the bullet grazed Frank on the temple.

A terrific struggle then followed between the two men. With the white jug Frank succeeded in inflicting a wound on Ardouin's head which stunned him for a moment, and the photographer rushed out of the shanty. He sought M. Garnier, the police commissaire, and this official, with one of his inspectors, accompanied M. Frank to the Rue St. Mande.

As they approached the shed there was a sharp report, and on breaking open the door which the old showman had fastened, they found his dead body lying on the floor with a small carbine by his side.

WHY HE'S A BRITON.

Sir Hiram Maxim's Reasons For Quitting United States.

While chatting recently with Sir Hiram Maxim, who has fitted up a private experiment laboratory at West Norwood, and whose airship ideas are rapidly maturing, a correspondent of M. A. P. asked the inventor how he came to make England the scene of his labors, and received the following quaint explanation: "Had it not been for the attention shown me by a gentleman of the blackmailing fraternity, who lives on the other side of the fishpond, I should probably have adhered to my American nationality during my lifetime, but I was so disgusted with the American blackmailers, and the numerous bogus lawsuits that they brought against me, that I saw the advantages of becoming a British subject. And when at last it came to abstracting and destroying court records, relating to a case which had already been decided in my favor, in order that the blackmailers might work it over a second time, I fully made up my mind to become a British subject, and to live in a country for the rest of my life where court records cannot be abstracted and destroyed, and where a blackmailer is looked upon as being worse than a thief."

OLD WARSHIPS DOOMED.

The British Admiralty's new movement to ensure the thorough efficiency of the navy is to be even more drastic than was expected. All obsolete warships are to be withdrawn from the fleets abroad. Between twenty and thirty ships will be recalled, and 8,000 men will thus be released for service on new and effective ships. There will be a great saving of money that has been swallowed up hitherto in patching practically useless craft. The Pacific and North American squadrons are affected to the greatest extent by the reform, and in future the units of a fleet will be concentrated so that should war come outlying ships will not be cut off. No more square-rigged vessels will be seen in the training service, and such old ships as the Pallas, Calliope, Cleopatra, and Northampton are doomed.

BOAT MADE FROM A PEARL.

A jeweller in Turin has made a tiny boat of a single pearl. The hull is finely shaped, and might serve as a model for a racing sloop, the sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. Its weight is less than 1 oz., and is said to have cost \$5,000.

ordered a remand, so that an interpreter might be obtained. Accordingly the unhappy man was taken back to gaol, and for a few days his grief was intense.

ALIENS IN PORT.

The governor, sympathizing with the man, took the case in hand, and by means of drawings on a slate and dumb actions he learnt that the prisoner was under the impression that he had been sentenced to death. He had drawn on a slate the figure of a man hanging, and indicated that it was himself.

The Recorder said the poor fellow must have gone through agonies of mind, and ordered his immediate release, as he had suffered more than enough for his crime.

In large seaport towns instances of a somewhat similar nature are by no means uncommon. At Liverpool, some time ago, a man was charged with theft several months after its commission. He was an alien, and the police authorities were quite unable to find out what nationality the man was. Numerous interpreters utterly failed to hold any sort of conversation with him, and eventually the case had to be proceeded with without the prisoner entering a plea. He received a minor punishment, but all the time he was in gaol he seemed to be utterly at a loss to understand his detention.

One Saturday evening a strangely attired, elderly woman—obviously a foreigner—entered an electric tramcar in a large town in the provinces. She carried a large bundle, and thousands of people followed the tram through the heart of the town, declaring that she was carrying a dead baby and a revolver. The police heard the rumor and, thinking that the woman was acting strangely, locked her up.

A MISUNDERSTOOD RUSSIAN.

At the police-station it was found that the bundle consisted of old clothes, but a fully-loaded six-chambered revolver was found in her possession, and she was detained.

When taken before the magistrates, the police had to admit that they had been baffled in their endeavor to find out to what nationality she belonged. Interpreters were tried without success, and although she could not plead to the charge made against her, she seemed to strongly object to being detained. After considerable time it was found that she understood a little Italian, but not sufficient to solve the difficulty. She was sent to the workhouse for a week.

A man named Damhoshy—at least, that was what the police nicknamed him—was locked up some time ago in the North of England for an attempted burglary, and from the day of his arrest he was a mystery. To all appearances he was a Russian Pole, but all of the many linguists who experimented with the man failed to make him comprehend, although the Russian interpreter expressed the belief that the prisoner spoke a Russian dialect, as he seemed to know a few pure Russian words. The magistrates who tried the case thought that the fellow was obstinate, but evidently failed to understand. The alien ended his life in the gaol by committing suicide.

MODERN ALI BABA'S CAVE.

A regular Ali Baba's cave has been discovered by the French police near Havre, where a man with a gun was seen lurking suspiciously behind a rock. As it was supposed that a band of smugglers was operating in the district, a detachment of police was sent, with the result that, at some distance behind the rock, an opening was discovered leading to a subterranean gallery. Exploring this, revolver in hand, the police came upon two extensive chambers showing signs of comparatively recent occupation and full of goods recognized as the product of robberies in the surrounding country. The contents of the cave loaded a large van.

raised. From the middle of the edge of this collar a cotton cap or hood can be pulled out so as to cover the head, and over this can be worn the ample detached woolen "cold proof" hood, which from its shape and long ends to wrap round the neck recalls the hoods of Chaucer's time. Hanging by cords from the neck are large gloves or mittens—one division for all the fingers and one for the thumb; they can thus be thrown off when the hand is required for firing or any other purpose, without being lost. A sheepskin waistcoat with the wool outside is also issued for severe weather. It fastens at one side.

THE UNDERCLOTHING

is of similar good material to that of the outer garments, a cotton shirt and drawers for summer and a thick knitted woollen jersey, or sweater, and pants for winter. The ribbed woollen stockings are made without heels, and warm toe caps are issued in the coldest weather to wear over the stockings to prevent frostbite. These toe caps are made of a lamb's wool material like very thick lint, the soft surface being inside. A roll of fine striped flannel of very good quality and about a yard and a half long is issued to be wound round the abdomen, and takes the place of a cholera belt.

It is interesting to note that the woollen cloth and blankets are made in the Japanese military woollen cloth factory, while hemp cloth, cotton cloth and leather are made or prepared in private factories in Japan and cut out and sewn in the military clothing depot.

The ordinary army boots give the impression of comfort and durability. In general appearance they resemble the boot issued to the British soldier, but on close inspection they are seen to be far superior.

RAT ATTACKS RUFF.

While out walking with some friends near St. Agnes, Cornwall, England, a young lady recently went through an unpleasant experience. The girl was wearing a fur boa, on which was an imitation head of a small animal. Suddenly she felt something pulling at the wrap, and discovered that her assailant was a rat, which had evidently mistaken the imitation animal for one of its natural enemies. So furious was the fearless creature's attack that it was with difficulty shaken off. It had bitten a large piece of the fur.

PORT ARTHUR PIANOS.

There is a piano dealer in Hamburg, Germany, who has a firm belief in the virtues of topicality. One of his advertisements appears in a local paper, and is as follows:—"A unique opportunity. To be sold, at greatly reduced prices, pianos, grand or cottage models, in rosewood, walnut, and other cases. These magnificent instruments were manufactured to complete orders from Port Arthur, but have been taken into stock in consequence of the siege."

INDIA'S HOME-MADE GUNS.

The new gun factory which is to be established by the Indian Government at Ishapur will have a much more important character than was originally expected. It will not only be able to turn out close upon thirty thousand weapons annually, but to manufacture the component parts of the weapon. India, in fact, will be self-supporting.

"I don't want to know how to make money go farther," he insisted. "Why not?" "Just because I personally find it too far off as it is."

Reggy—"Bah Jove, there are a lot of people who sing songs these days and don't even mean what they sing." Miss Rose—"You are right, Reggy. Last night you sang 'Good bye, My Lady Love,' at ten o'clock, and didn't leave until twelve."

laugh is with you." Oh, yes; the laugh is with you!"

"It always is," said the visitor, bending over the bed now; "but I did not come to gloat. I came to fetch you, for it is time, and Elise awaits you."

A beautiful smile lit up the face of Herbert Mainwaring and he and his visitor passed out of the chamber together.

For the name of the visitor was Death!

CZAR AND HIS MONEY.

Emperor of Russia is the Richest Man in the World.

The fact that the Czar has just made a little contribution of \$100,000,000 from his private purse to the Russian war fund reminds us that Mr. Rockefeller is not the only rich man in the world. There are a few others, and there is hardly a doubt that the Russian monarch overtops the Standard Oil emperor, not only as the first of autocrats, but as the first of plutocrats.

Most royalties are very small potatoes financially, compared with any one of several American millionaires, says the Philadelphia Post. Mr. Rockefeller could put all the sovereigns of Europe, except the Czar, on his pay roll at their present wages, without depriving himself of a single bowl of crackers and milk or ever lacking a quarter to drop into the contribution box on Sunday. He could pay the salary of King Edward or of the Kaiser for a year out of a month's income, and have something left for car fare.

But the Russian Emperor is in a different class. In the Imperial budget the allowance for his household is figured at the meagre rate of about \$8,000,000 a year, but that is merely the beginning of his resources. He owns a great part of Russia as his private property—mines, forests, and illimitable stretches of arable lands. In European Russia alone the strictly private domains of the Imperial family are as large as Indiana. The State owns twenty times as much more, and the Czar is the State. In Siberia the Imperial resources are still more opulent, most of the rich mines of gold, platinum, and precious stones are worked for the benefit of the Czar and his family.

But beyond all this, the Emperor is the absolute master of the National treasury and all its varied sources of income. In England the King talks in his speeches of "my army," "my navy," and "my exchequer," but all this is understood to be a legal fiction. Everything is regulated by Parliament, and the King cannot touch a penny that is not appropriated to his use. But in Russia the Czar can speak of "my army," and "my navy," in literal fact. He could disband the whole outfit if he chose, and pocket the money saved by the operation. His civil list is simply the amount that he sees fit to dip out of the treasury. He could double or triple it without asking anybody's permission. The whole treasury is his, and all the taxing power of the empire to the limit of the ability of his subjects to pay. Is it not clear that the diffident Nicholas is the richest man in the world?

"What's the matter?" inquired Accum. "What are you searching your pockets for?" "I tied a knot in my handkerchief this morning," said the absent-minded man, "to remind me of something I was to get for my wife. And now I can't find the handkerchief."

Young Reporter—"The storm king hurled his torn tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice." Old Editor—"What's that? What do you mean, young fellow?" "Young Reporter—"I—er—the flood washed away Patrick McDougal's old cowshed."

HAPPY NEW YEAR

The last leaf is torn from the Calendar, and we write down a New Year, 1905, and we begin where we left off.

But we begin right. There will be no step backward.

Our business the past year shows a large increase.

And we wish to thank our many customers and wish them all

A Happy New Year.

Mr. J. W. Johnston, of the city of Brantford has been secured as cutter in our tailoring department and as Mr. Johnson has had years of experience in the cities of London, Ontario, and Brantford we promise our many customers clothing made in the most approved and up-to-date fashion.

Start 1905 in one of our suits.

J. L. BOYES.

DAFOE'S FLOUR.

Nonesuch, the best family flour made from local and Manitoba No. 1 hard wheat and every bag guaranteed to be first-class.

Also No. 1 hard Manitoba hard wheat Patent Flour for the Bakers and choice brands of Pastry Flour and Cornmeal, manufactured by J. R. Dafoe at the Big Mill and for sale by all the principal dealers throughout the country.

FARMERS are especially invited to have their wheat exchanged for Nonesuch Flour, and satisfaction guaranteed. Bring your feed grist also and have it ground as fine as desired and with prompt despatch.

All kinds of Grain
purchased at the
Highest Market Price.

Also a choice stock of the celebrated

Scranton Coal!

Your patronage solicited.

J. R. DAFOE,

A. S. Kimmerly will sell Five Roses Flour \$2.80 per 100, Nonesuch Flour \$2.50 per 100, Cream of the west \$2.60; Bran \$16.75 per ton, 85c per 100; 50 lb sack fine salt 40c, Windsor salt \$1.30 per bbl; Buckwheat Flour \$2.25 per 100; Fresh Corn meal \$1.50 per 100; 10 lbs. Rolled oats 25c; 10 lbs. sulphur 25c; Shorts \$1.00 per 100; Gluten meal \$1.20 per 100; Clover and Timothy Seed wanted.

Buy your Christmas candies and nuts all fresh at GREY LION GROCERY.

E. Loyt sells cheaper than the cheapest. Royal Household Flour \$2.80. Hunt's West Diamond flour, guarantee on every bag, \$2.50. Manitoba bran \$16.50 per ton shorts, \$19.75 per ton, Ontario bran \$17.50 shorts \$21.00 per ton, Barrell salt \$1.30, 10½ lbs rolled oats 25c, 10½ lbs sulphur 25c

Xmas

Bon Bons
Cakes
Novelties

A Happy New Year

We Wish our many customers
and friends a Happy and Pros-
perous New Year.

THE **J. J. HAINES** SHOE Napanee, Belleville,
HOUSES, and Trenton.
JAMES ROBLIN, Manager.

New Seeded Raisins
New Valencia Raisins
New Sultana Raisins
New Cleaned Currants
Fresh Orange, Lemon
and Citron Peels.

New Spices and Extracts, pure
and good.

The best 25c Tea in town. Try us

FRANK H. PERRY.

Parish of Selby.

New Year's Day Services.
St Jude's Church, Kingsford, 10 30 a.m.
St. John's Church, Selby, at 3 p.m.; a special service for children at which the result of the S.S. examinations will be given and rewards to the successful candidates.

St. Jude's Church, Strathcona, 7 p.m. all the churches in the Parish are beautiful in their Xmas decorations and much credit is due, especially to those who decorated Strathcona Church.

Blackleg in Cattle.

The most reliable Vaccine for Blackleg with injector for using, at The Medical Hall.

FRED L. HOOPER.

The only nicker tea and coffee pots, with gold handles, try them at BOYLE & SON.

When wanting your old cutter or carriage to be made like new take it to H. B. McCabe at Webster & Boyes' old stand.

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Cresolent tablets, ten cents per box. All druggists

The streets are quite as slippery at present as the road the Conservative party is travelling on.

Iron and steel such as Cast steel, Sleigh shoe steel, Toe caulk steel, and Spring steel, nearly all sizes at

GREY LION HARDWARE.

The Napanee Band had a busy day Monday. They serenaded all the hotels and prospective Mayor and councilmen, and other prominent citizens. The receipts were very gratifying.

East End Barber Shop.

is the best place in town for a first-class shave or an up-to-date hair cut. We also carry a good stock of cigars and cigarettes. We aim to please our customers. Give us a call.
J. N. OSBORNE Prop.
Agent for illustrated Buffalo Times.

Close's Mills closed for custom grinding until a thaw, or further notice.

J. A. CLOSE.

Camden East.

Remember the Xmas Tree and entertainment at Hinch's Hall, Camden East, on Friday, December 30th. A good programme, plays sparkling with humor, Fan Drill by Ladies in costumes, carols, songs, choruses, etc. Come and have a good time. Doors opened at 7.30 p. m. All are welcome.

Hockey Club.

This week the Barber's Hockey Club was organized. The following are the officers and members:

F. S. Scott—President.
Wm Ferguson—Manager.
Jno. Osborne—Sec'y.
Alex Willis—Treas.
Harry Scott, Walter Root, Chas Kelly, Will Sheppard, Jas. Ferguson, Ray Kingsbury, and Will Bristol.

Erontenac College.

This new College is beginning its career under the most favorable conditions, and is just what the people of Frontenac and the adjoining counties will welcome as an addition to the present facilities for the securing of that practical education which in this day is so essential for the success of the young men and women of our country. This new College brings into its work all the experience and thoroughness which has made the parent College with which it is affiliated—THE CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE OF TORONTO—so famous as the leading business training school of the Dominion. We look for a large attendance during the opening session of the Frontenac College from Jan. 3rd next, and we are sure it will prove a most worthy addition to the institutions of learning which already have brought credit to Kingston and the eastern counties as well.

Cross cut saws from \$1.50 up, axes from 60c up, hand made helves, at
GREY LION HARDWARE.

Installation.

At the Regular Convocation of Mount Sinai, Chapter No. 44, R. A. M. held on Wednesday last the following officers were installed for the coming year.

Royal Hotel Block.

F. S. Scott's shop strictly up-to-date in every respect. A call solicited.

Parish of Ernesttown.

Services for Sunday, Jan. 1st.
Hawley, Holy Communion 10 30 a. m.; Thorpe, 3 p. m.; Odessa, 7 p. m.

Sulphur for Cattle.

Get your Pure Sublimed Sulphur (not ground Brimstone), at The Medical Hall.
FRED L. HOOPER.

Stock Foods.

Now is the time to feed them. We have the best. Every package and pail guaranteed or money refunded. You run no risk. Try them from
WALES' GREY LION STORES.

Next Saturday.

Jas. Gordon will be in his store next to Mrs. McLeod's, on Saturday Dec. 31st, all day and evening. The following week he will be getting ready for his trip north, through the Lumber regions and expects to be away until the middle of March.

Church of England Notes.

In the Parish of Camden East four services were held Xmas Day: Newburgh, at 6 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Yarker, at 8.45 a. m.; and Camden East at 11 a. m. The churches were decorated tastefully. The weather was very severe, which accounted for not so good attendance at the church services as last year. The offerings came to \$42.00, and many other presents were made to the Rector Xmas Day. The Rev. C. E. S. Radcliffe begs to thank his parishioners for their kindness, all of which is thoroughly appreciated, and wishesthem A Happy and Successful New Year and many returns.

Up to Dec. 3rd, 3 bottles of Wahoo for one dollar at WALLACE'S Drug Store.

Palimistry.

Madame Livinski, scientific and Psychic Palmist, will arrive in Napanee January 3rd, for a few days only. Don't fail to visit Madame, who has just returned from England, and has read for the best people. If you are in trouble, discontented, unhappy, not satisfied in life, call upon Madame who reads your whole life, ask you no questions, but reads your hand in a masterful way convincing you of the truth of Palimistry, when you will marry, how long you will live, who your friend is and who is your enemy. Remember, January 3rd, for a few days only. Campbell House Fee is 35 and 50 cents.

Election of Officers.

The following officers of Odessa Lodge, A. O. U. W. No. 287, were elected for the ensuing year: Bros. S. W. Clark, W. M.; O. Babcock, Foreman; C. Sommerville, Overseer; W. G. Clark, Guide; A. Bennett, Sec.; A. M. Fraser, Financier; Geo. Watts, Treasurer; Wm. Hensy, I. Gaurd; E. Hartman, O. Watch; S. W. Clark, Representative to Grand Lodge; A. M. Fraser, Alternative; Trustees, C. Montgomery, Geo. Simkins, B. Eaton; W. H. Daugherty, Arthur Fraser.

Election of Officers.

Prince Arthur Lodge, A. F. A. M., No. 228, G. R. C., on Dec. 26th elected the following officers for the ensuing year, at Odessa:

R. L. Gilbert, re-elected W. M.
W. H. Daugherty, S. W.
L. Hartman, J. W.
T. F. Aylesworth, Treas.
R. Bennett, Sec'y.
Rev. Geo. McCall, Chaplain.
W. A. Baker, Tyler.
Officers appointed by W. W. R. W. Aylesworth, S. D.; A. M. Caton, J. D.; S. H. Amey, D. C.; Auditors, P. A. Maybe S. J. Sproule.

Registration.

The Board of Manhood Suffrage Registrars for the town of Napanee, in the electoral District of Lennox will be held in the Council chamber, in the town hall, in the town of Napanee, for the registration of persons claiming to be entitled to vote under "The Manhood Suffrage Registration Act," for and within the limits of the polling sub-divisions of the Town of Napanee, on Thursday and Friday, January 12th, and 13th, 1905. The sittings on each of

Xmas

**Bon Bons
Cakes
Novelties**

A fancy box of our Webb Chocolates will make your best girl happy.

Our Christmas and Wedding Cakes are the highest quality at lowest prices.

Oysters and Hot Drinks served in the best styles, at

GARRAT'S.

Before Deciding

on your Xmas presents be sure and inspect F. Chinneck's stock of

Watches, Clocks, Silver-ware, Fine China and Jewellery.

We pride ourselves on our good quality and judicious buying.

Always pleased to show our goods.

Sole Agents for the celebrated Regina Precision Watches.

F. Chinneck,
The Store of Quality.

**EXTRA SPECIAL VALUES
IN
OVERCOATS**

AND

PEA COATS

for two weeks beginning

SATURDAY, NOV. 5

At Lazier's

Lonsdale Woolen Mills.

Grange Block,

Smith's Old Jewellery Stand.

shoe steel, Toe canik steel, and Spring steel, nearly all sizes at

GREY LION HARDWARE.

The Napanee Band had a busy day Monday. They serenaded all the hotels and prospective Mayor and councilmen, and other prominent citizens. The receipts were very gratifying.

Rev. Father Twomey, who has been in charge of the parish of Tweed and Stoco for the past five years or so, has received notice of his appointment to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. Mgr. Farrelly, of St. Michael's Belleville. Father Twomey expects to leave for his new charge about Jan. 16th.

Cinnamon-Coated Pills.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are coated like a cinnamon drop very delightful to take. One pill a dose, 40 in a vial for 10 cents. Their popularity is a whirlwind sweeping competitors before it like chaff. No pain, no griping, no inconvenience.—109 Sold by, F.L. Hooper.

FOR THE BACHELOR.

Advice That May Help His Course of Love to Run Smooth.

Agree with the girl's father in politics and the mother in religion.

If you have a rival, keep an eye on him. If he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.

Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it in after years when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait until a girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that might cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game.

If, on the occasion of your first call, the girl upon whom you have set your young affections looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Woman in her hour of freeze is uncertain, coy and hard to please.

In cold weather finish saying good night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the gate and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh to help you to worry the girl after she has married. Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has pictured a life of ease in her ancestral halls to learn too late that you expect her to ask a baldheaded old parent who has been uniformly kind to her to take you both in out of the cold.

Woman's Life in Japan.

Advocates of the physical equality of women and men might find argument to support their theory among the Japanese. The girls and boys wrestle on equal terms, and the women are said to be as strong as the men—supple, "bounding with the vim of life and graceful in every line." The Japanese women seek abundance of air, drink pure water and go out in the sunshine the first thing in the morning. Consequently consumption is a rare disease. Instead of living in overheated rooms they merely add extra clothing to what they wear already. Women always have some time for recreation. Even the poorest woman goes to the bath at night and later on meets her friends. But all go to rest early.

Her Recommendation.

Cholly—So Miss Tartun loosened up and said a good word about me, did she? Archie—Yes; she said that when one got better acquainted with you one found you were not half as big a fool as you appeared to be.—Exchange.

Chamois Vests and Chamois to make Vests at WALLACE'S Drug Store.

Cross cut saws from \$1.00 up, Axes from 60c up, hand made helves, at
GREY LION HARDWARE.

Installation.

At the Regular Convocation of Mount Sinai, Chapter No. 44, R. A. M. held on Wednesday last the following officers were installed for the coming year.

Ex Comp.—M. R. Reid, Z.
Ex Comp.—G. F. Rutan, H.
Ex Comp.—Chas. A. Walters, J.
Ex Comp.—E. J. Walters, I. P. Z.
Rt. Ex Comp.—J. G. Fennell, S. E.
Comp.—E. W. Scott, S. N.
Comp.—Jas. Walters, Treas.
Comp.—D. A. Valteau, P. S.
Comp.—Hiram A. Wood, J. S.
Comp.—Canfield Shorey, S. S.
V. Ex Comp W. F. Gerow, M. of Ist V.
Ex Comp. Wm. Shannon, M. of 2nd V.
Comp.—Wm. Grange, M. of 3rd V.
Ex Comp.—Wm. Rankin, M. of 4th V.
Comp. B. Allen, Janitor.
Ex Comp.—Wm. Shannon, Comp.—John Gleave, Auditors.

Shingles all grades at cut rates. If want ing any call and see them at
WALLS' GREY LION STORES.

Obituary.

At Mississippi, on Dec. 23rd, occurred the death of Mrs. Norman Clarke, at the matured age of 77 years. Laura Randyll, for such was her maiden name, was born in Michigan and married some sixty-one years ago Norman Clark, then living at Clarke's Mills, now termed Camden East. Thirty years ago they came to Mississippi where the K. P. Railway was being extended, and opened up a boarding house, and ever since she has been engaged in that work, while her husband has charge of the Post Office. Mr. Clarke has been in connection with the Post Office for over fifty years. He is doubtless the oldest postmaster and has held that office the longest of any in the Dominion, his age now being 87 years. Mrs. Clarke in religion was a Presbyterian, and the Rev. W. A. Grey conducted the funeral services at noon on Saturday, and thence the remains being interred in Crawford cemetery. Besides the aged husband, three daughters and two sons survive her, they being as follows: Mrs. I. J. Hempton, Red Deer, Alta; Mrs. Oscar Hentzie and Mrs. Chester Hentzie, Chaumont, N. Y.; Fred, at home and William, his whereabouts unknown. To those our sympathy is extended.

FOR SALE.

Close's Mills for sale at a bargain, on account of ill health.
J. A. CLOSE.



CHOOSE.

The easy way to choose a suit is to come where the greatest variety of styles abound and that place is here. The more particular you are about your clothes the more you will enjoy looking at these master pieces of the tailor's art. Every detail in cut, make and trimmings shows plainly the excellence of our

CLOTHING

Our prices will at once convince you that we are a fair house to do business with. We begin the good work at \$3.50 for a splendid Tweed Suit, and give you lots of chances for suit satisfaction before we quit at \$15.00.

We invite you to inspect our stock, now as we are selling at greatly reduced prices.

C. A. GRAHAM & CO.

rars for the town of Napanee, in the electoral District of Lennox will be held in the Council chamber, in the town hall, in the town of Napanee, for the registration of persons claiming to be entitled to vote under "The Manhood Suffrage Registration Act," for and within the limits of the polling sub-divisions of the Town of Napanee, on Thursday and Friday, January 12th, and 13th, 1905. The sittings on each of the said days shall commence at 10 o'clock in the morning and continue until 6 o'clock in the evening on the said 12th day of January with intermission on that day from 1 o'clock to 2 o'clock; and until 9 o'clock in the evening on the said 13th day of January, with intermissions on that day from 1 o'clock to 2 o'clock, and from 6 o'clock to half past seven o'clock. The Supplementary Sitting of the Board of Manhood Suffrage Registrars will be held at the same place, Monday, January 16th, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The Board of Appeal will hold it's sitting on Tuesday, January 17th, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the same place.

Commencement Exercises.

At the commencement exercises held in the town hall Wednesday evening of last week the senior and junior foot-ball teams were presented with an address and exceptionally handsome banner. The banner is of Blue Yellow Blue, tastily fringed with gold, with the inscription "N. C. I. 1904." The banner will be hung up in the Collegiate, and Mr. Flach is having a beautiful case made for it. The following is a copy of the address:
To the Senior and Junior Foot-Ball Teams of the Napanee Collegiate Institute, for 1904:

Dear Fellow Students:—As the school term is nearly ended we cannot permit it to come to a close without showing our appreciation of the way in which you have upheld the honor and reputation of our Collegiate Institute. Your determination, endurance, and fair-play have been plainly shown and you have called forth our loudest praise by the way in which you so successfully defeated your opponents the Pictou High School in the recent Foot-Ball Matches, thereby retaining for another year the two cups which are emblematic of the High School championship.

We of course have not had much to do in helping you win these honors, but at any rate we have done our best, appearing at the games with a good display of Blue Yellow Blue, and by lusty cheers of encouragement and congratulations. We sincerely trust that the cups may long continue to find a resting-place in our dear old Collegiate, and although the present members of the clubs will not always be able to defend them, still we think that if their examples be followed by the new members of the school, we will be able to retain the Cups for another five years.

The lady teachers and girls of the school have subscribed for a banner which we hope will long be permitted to float over the cups and will serve to remind our fellow students that we have at least shown our appreciation of the honor you have done our Collegiate.

We all heartily congratulate you and now have much pleasure in presenting the banner.

Signed on behalf of the Lady Teachers.
M. A. NICOL.

Signed on behalf of the Girls.
HELEN HERRINGTON.
HELEN TRIMBLE.

The following reply was made by Mr. Leo Trimble, on behalf of the Senior team:

REPLY.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen
On behalf of the N.C.I. teams I wish to express our sincere appreciation of the beautiful gift that has been presented to us to-night. Such a splendid acknowledgment of our success would have given us much pleasure had it come from any source but coming as it does from those whose praises and smiles we covet most, the pleasure is made infinitely greater.

In regard to our success I can only say that we did our best, and we feel that the result of the matches was largely due to our manager Mr. Reid the fraternal care of Mr. Crockery, the husky cheers of Mr. Flach and last but by no means least the hearty co-operation of the same girls that have honored us so highly to-night.

The victorious Greek of the Olympian Contest valued his crown of laurel more than his life and believe me the memory of this token will ever be to us an exquisite pleasure an incentive to greater effort in the strenuous life that follows our school days.

LININGS
AND
TRIMMINGS,

The Life of
A SUIT.

We use nothing but
THE BEST.

JAS. WALTERS,

Merchant Tailor,
Napanee.

Next J. J. Haines' Shoe Store.

WHEN A MAN STARVES.

**How It Feels to Go Without Food
For Seven Days.**

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substances, but still in a great measure the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea.

On the fifth day his cheeks appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated; his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibalistic.

The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes dizzy; the ghosts of well remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increasing lassitude and further prostration of strength. The mind wanders.

SEEING NOISE.

**The Method by Which Sound Waves
Are Photographed.**

Sound can be photographed by taking advantage of the motion produced in a tuning fork. Sound travels in waves, each corresponding with an oscillation in the fork, which remains in a state of continuous vibration while the note is sounded.

To photograph these sound waves a small mirror is attached to the end of one of the prongs. On this a powerful beam of light is projected by a lens, so as to strike it at an angle of forty-five degrees. The light is again reflected from its surface, but in a new direction, and a very slight alteration in the position of the mirror makes a large one in the reflected beam.

To take the photograph the light is turned upon the mirror in a darkened room, and the tuning fork is set in vibration, while a sensitive plate is rapidly passed in the path of the reflected pencil of light. On development the plate shows sound waves recorded as a wavy line, and each note has its characteristic curves.

The Mad Ambassador.

NAPANEE.

MADILL BROS.

NAPANEE.

1903--1905.

Second Annual January Whitewear Sale,

COMMENCING TUESDAY, JANUARY 3rd,

AND CONTINUING UNTIL JANUARY 31st.

Being customary to hold this annual White Goods Sale, we are already prepared with masses of beautiful White Goods, very suitable for this particular occasion. All the newest, neatest and most-up-to-date goods will be shown during this Sale. Come and see for yourself our new stock of

Fine White Muslin Underwear,

Embroideries and Insertions,

Special Embroideries for Corset Covers.

Fine Laces and Insertions,

All-over Embroideries,

Lonsdale Cambrics,

Nainsook Muslins,

Extra Fine Medapalan Cotton expressly for Ladies' Underwear.

New Cottons all prices,

Pillow Cottons,

Sheetings,

Persian Lawns,

Victoria Lawns and India Linens,

Shirt Waist Suit Linens,

Lace Curtains.

Nice Irish Linens for Drawn Work,

White Cotton Vestings in Check and Damask Patterns.

Table Linens and Napkins,

[Embroidered] Pillow Shams,

Tray Cloths,

5 o'clock Cloths,

Sideboard Scarfs,

A Splendid Selection of Teneriffe Doilies and Centre Pieces.

Linen Towels in Huck and Damask, Fringed and Hemstitched, all prices.

Pillow Linen,

Linen Sheeting,

Ladies' Bridal Setts,

Corset Covers,

Night Gowns,

Underskirts,

Chemeses and Drawers.

YEAR'S

NEW

DURING THIS SALE NO

WHITE WEAR

will be sent on approbation.

GREETINGS

room, and the tuning fork is set in vibration, while a sensitive plate is rapidly passed in the path of the reflected pencil of light. On development the plate shows sound waves recorded as a wavy line, and each note has its characteristic curves.

The Mad Ambassador.

There was a tragic little scene immediately preceding the marriage of King Edward VII. when he was the Prince of Wales. With several of his royal relatives he was staying at the Prussian embassy in Rome, where his host was the German ambassador, Baron von Kanitz.

The responsibility of entertaining so many august personages under his roof was too much for the ambassador. He appeared at dinner one night in his dressing gown and slippers and to half the royalties of Europe exclaimed: "Is this to go on much longer? I am heartily sick of it, and it must come to an end at once."

They carried him to his room and the next day removed him to an asylum, a raving lunatic.

Rocking and Sleep.

Dr. Manacoline, the famous Russian authority on sleep phenomena, says that rocking is an artificial method of inducing slumber. The process fatigues consciousness by a series of monotonous sensations and incidentally deprives the brain of its blood supply. Absence of blood from the brain makes sleep. The influence of the lullaby is objectionable, but not equally so. A baby will go to sleep unaided when it needs sleep.

Strong Diet.

Veterinary—So your new bull pup is sick? What seems to be the matter with him? Owner—A little of everything, I guess. While we were away this afternoon he chewed up and swallowed the dictionary.

The Small Children.

"I wonder what it is," said the family man, "that makes landlords and janitors dislike to have small children in flats." "The small children, I guess," replied the savage bachelor.

If you wish to please people you must begin by understanding them.—Reade.

Hanging lamps, stand lamps, all kinds of lamps, and lamp goods, chimneys, wicks, burners, all at close prices, BOYLE & SON.

The first thought
in Sickness
whether trifling
or serious, is the

DOCTOR

"The Second
Thought should
be"

WALLACE'S

DRUG STORE.

NEW

DURING THIS SALE NO

WHITE WEAR

will be sent on approbation.

GREETINGS

TO ALL.

This week we wish to draw your attention to our
Well Selected Stock of
Muslin Underwear, Laces and Embroideries.



FRIDAY, REMNANT SALE DAY.



NAPANEE'S MOST MODERN STORE.

A GOOD WIDE YAWN.

It Is a Splendid Reviver For the Whole Body.

A good, wide, open mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy, but this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning just yawn. Don't try to suppress it because you think it is impolite to yawn. Put your hand over your mouth if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair, and, lifting your feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn.

Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired and see what it will do for you.

DURER AND LEONARDO.

Explanation of the Differences Between Their Work as Painters.

Durer was born a German, Leonardo an Italian. This sums up much of the difference between their work as painters. The Italian race, under its sunny skies, has an inborn love of beauty. The German, in a sterner climate—"How I shall freeze after this sun!" wrote Durer, during his stay in Italy, to a friend in Nuremberg—retains to this day the energy that carved its way through the vast forests of his country and some of the gloomy romance that haunted their dark shadows. The German spirit is characterized by a "combination of the wild and rugged with the homely and tender, by meditative depth, enigmatic gloom, sincerity and energy, by iron diligence

and discipline." Very remarkable qualities these, and to be found in Durer's work, which is the reason that we describe him as being so representative of the Teutonic race.

But it was not only the difference of race that helped to mold the genius of these two men differently. Each was a manifestation of the "new birth" of art and learning that was spreading over Europe—Leonardo of the form of it which appeared in Italy and Durer of that which prevailed in Germany.—St. Nicholas.

LIFE INSURANCE.

Get Fully Acquainted With the Terms of Your Policy.

"What the average purchaser of life insurance doesn't know about the thing he is purchasing would fill a good sized book printed with very narrow margins," says an insurance expert. "For instance, I talked not long since with a man who fancied he was insured for \$10,000 on the fifteen year endowment plan. That is, he thought he had to make payments for fifteen years—which was true—and that at the end of that time he could get \$10,000 in cash or take a part in cash and a part in paid up insurance, which, as it turned out, was not true. The rate he was paying was so very low for what he said he was getting that I asked to see his policy, and when I looked at it I found, just as he might have found on a brief examination, that while he was insured for life, with only fifteen yearly payments, he could not get the \$10,000 or any part of it for a good many years more. No insurance company in the world will permit the fooling of a patron like this if it can help it, and yet to attribute such a mistaken idea to fraudulent misrepresentation on the part of an unworthy agent would not always be fair. Many men who take insurance, and especially those who do not decide to go in until they have looked at it a long time, go in finally with a rush. They don't give the agent time to tell them what they are getting, and often don't find out for years afterward.

Another thing that many insured persons do not know is that a rebate on the first payment, arranged between the insured and the agent, sometimes renders the whole transaction invalid."

FORMIDABLE GUNS.

The Bombards Used by the Turks in the Fifteenth Century.

In 1478 Mohammed II., in forming the siege of Scutari, in Albania, employed fourteen heavy bombards, the lightest of which threw a stone shot of 370 pounds weight, two sent shots of 500 pounds, one of 750 pounds, two of 850 pounds, one of 1,200 pounds, five of 1,500 and one of the enormous weight of 1,640 pounds, enormous even in these days, for our 80 ton guns throw only a 1,700 pound projectile, our 100 ton throws one of 2,000 pounds, and the 110 ton throws an 1,800 pound shot with a high velocity.

The stone shot of Mohammed's guns varied between twenty and thirty-two inches in diameter, about the height of a dining table, 2,534 of them fired on this occasion weighing, according to a calculation of General Lefroy's, about 1,000 tons, and were cut out of the solid rock on the spot. Assuming twenty-four inches as the average diameter of the shot fired at the siege, the total area of the surface dressed was nearly 32,000 square feet. At this siege the weight of the powder fired is estimated by General Lefroy to have been 250 tons. At the siege of Rhodes in 1480 Mohammed caused sixteen basilisks or double cannon to be cast on the spot, throwing balls two to three feet in diameter.

A Scotch Parson's Clever Reply.

When musical instruments were first used in the services of the Scottish churches many strict Sabbatarians objected to the iniquitous proceedings. One of these persons, on meeting the minister some time after leaving the "kirk" because of the introduction of a harmonium, said with a sneer, "Well, and how is your fanner getting on?" (A fanner was a winnowing machine resembling the bellows of an organ in its working.) "Oh, splendidly," answered the reverend gentleman. "It's just keeping the good corn and blowing the chaff away."

CASTORIA.

Bears the Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.